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# DRUMMER

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350

OUTRAGEOUS!

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QUARTERS

S&M GOES  
PUBLIC

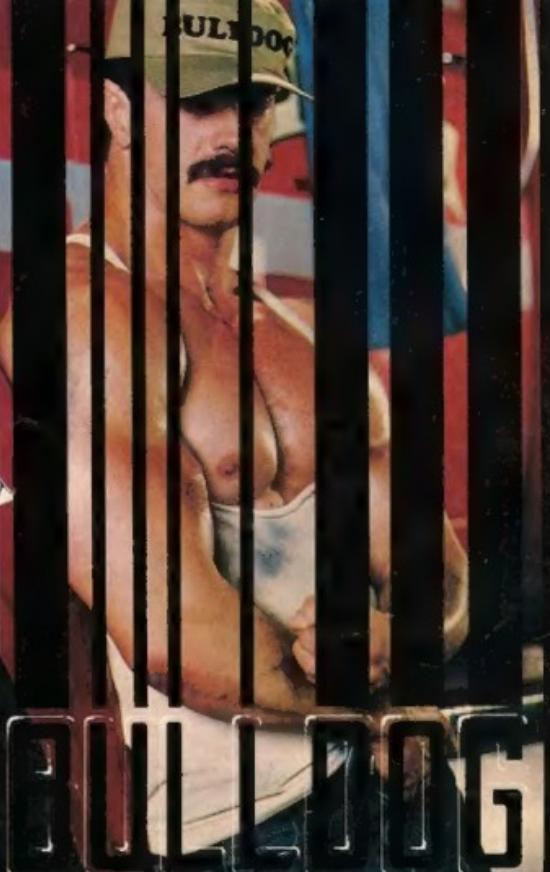
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ISSUE 37

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# BIG DEAL FROM DRUMMER THE ONE THEY DEMAND

All magazines have readers who vary in loyalty to their favorite periodicals. If they remember to, some readers will look through the current issue at the stand or store and if there is something that interests them, will pick up a copy. The trouble with some gay magazines is that they can be read completely right at the newsstand in a matter of minutes. Other readers will trade off one magazine for another with their friends to save on what the cost of magazines is these days.

However, there are some publications that have such a loyal following that its readers will promptly go to their bookstore and demand the new issue, raising hell if it isn't available. We know because we get calls from newsstands and bookstores all over the country. We also get long distance calls from readers complaining that their dealer is out and wanting to know where else they can pick up the new DRUMMER. Now THAT is loyalty!

DRUMMER has never pretended to be anything it isn't nor has it ever been merely a copy of something else. It is unique, and so is its readership.

No matter what anyone else is selling them for, most of the back issues of DRUMMER are still available from us at their original cover price. Issues 1, 2, 4, 5, and 20 are sold out. Up to issue 20 the price is \$2.50, through issue 29 the price is \$3, later than that it is \$3.50. Add 50¢ for postage for each magazine. Hurry, some of the copies are getting very scarce.



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**MACH**  
THE SIX DOLLAR  
MAGAZINE

Jack Prescott went too far in the last episode of MR. BENSON!

Mr. Prescott, perhaps you would like to taste Short Hills piss or feel the crack of an East Brunswick whip? Do you really think that the best dungeons and training rooms are in Manhattan? Fuck no! Screams are all to easily heard through thin apartment house walls. A man needs space, his own space, to properly deal with slaves. In New Jersey we have space. Why, if you are lucky enough, we might even find room for you, Prescott.

It's time that city trash like you learn respect for the suburbs. Don't laugh, Jack; but don't come looking for us either. We wouldn't want you getting lost. Remember, we know your home town inside and out. We even know where in the lower east side you live. You, however, weren't even aware that we existed. Now you know but it won't do you any good. Don't look now Prescott, but we will be watching you. Who knows? Maybe if you behave you'll have the privilege of meeting a real Mr. Ben-  
son...

The Real Topmen  
New Jersey

#### S&M RESPONSIBILITY

Master Tony's beautiful letter (in No. 36) and DRUMMER's fine commentary on same prompt me to offer a few comments of my own. In my opinion (result of considerable bungling experimentation and disenchantment with mediocre satisfactions), a slave lacking genuine self-esteem and a Master lacking genuine humility are, for sure, a pair of losers. Excellence in "our games" requires an impeccable sense of discernment between fantasy and reality, as well as a highly developed sense of detachment from the game by the players. For any relationship or one-time-only trip to provide real satisfaction, all participants have to be comfortable with themselves and with each other, and this prerequisites unwavering mutual respect. Slaves who really feel like shit and Masters who really feel really superior are rank amateurs trying simply to impress one another instead of meeting in and sharing the pleasure that's beyond roles.

DRUMMER's fiction tends, maybe unfortunately, maybe not, to perpetuate misconstruals you editorially deplore. I can see where fiction's got to remain in the domain of fantasy to keep its special power and appeal; we could really fuck it up if we tried arbitrarily to inject considerations of ethics, discrimination and aesthetics. But such considerations are essential for anyone in any position desiring a well ordered life and high-class pleasure.

To counterbalance the unspeakable excesses and bestial debaucheries of your features (which, obviously, I'm not knocking), I suggest you institute a regular department to foster the kind of "education" you indicate is badly needed. Possibly an Ask Beth type format would do, conducted by some canny pro versed in all particulars of Leatherfun, with space offered to occasional contributions volunteered by other together heads (of which I've seen quite a few in San Fran-

cisco).

I love DRUMMER! Keep 'em erect and trembling for more!

BILL

*(Editor's Note: We've wondered about a way of presenting an unfictionalized DRUMMER philosophy for some time. A number of areas we are working on at the moment will include what we feel are salient points of consideration. But remember, our primary responsibility to our readers is to keep them 'trembling,' as you stated. And merging fact with fancy, into a trembling philosophy is no easy chore, even for DRUMMER.)*

*There is always the abyss of taking yourself too seriously — and you can probably name quite a few gay magazines and institutions that have fallen into that abyss already.*

*A single column isn't the answer. It's too easy to convince yourself that the column relieves you of any further responsibility. And that allows contradictions between the column and the rest of the magazine to creep unchecked. No, rather DRUMMER wants to define an editorial framework that is consistent in all areas. We have been working to that end for some time, and think it is beginning to surface in real and identifiable ways. We can only hope that you agree, and will find the DRUMMERS to come even more crystallized.)*

#### HOOKED

I am writing to say that I am hooked on your magazine.

I have to say that DRUMMER is a bit like a miracle cure for me. I have been going through a two-year spell of not getting a hard-on, often due to lack of inspiration. But when I read DRUMMER, I'm hard from cover to cover.

B Read  
London, England

#### DRUMMER ON CBS? NEVER!

Being one of the many masochists who subjected themselves to CBS's Saturday Night Gay Massacre, (Gay Power, Gay Politics), I squealed with impish delight to see my mentor's lovely face (you, Robert Payne) as the cameras panned the "gathering of San Francisco's gay elite and power brokers..."

"Eek," I shrieked, "There's Robert Payne... I didn't know he was one of San Francisco's king-makers!"

As the program continued on its unbridled race downhill into the mud of innuendo, shock, sensationalism and selective bias, my glee turned to embarrassment. But if it's of any consolation to you, I was probably one of those out-of-town satyrs filmed cavorting hedonistically through Buena Vista Park. Does that make me a "power broker," too? Gee, all this time I thought I was just a semi-masochist!

Aristide  
Los Angeles, CA

*Editor's note: Aristide is DRUMMER's astrologer, and Robert Payne was not filmed or involved in the CBS Movie-of-the-Week incorrectly called "Gay Power, Gay Politics." He was indisposed whipping out-of-town satyrs into shape.*

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# GETTING OFF

There are only three television networks in this country and during the most recent years they have jockeyed for top place in the prestigious areas of news and documentaries. CBS, with the rich heritage of the late Edward R. Murrow, later Walter Cronkite and more recently "60 Minutes," was the leader. CBS has been sucking hind tit, but not nearly as badly as it did with its late April offering "Gay Power, Gay Politics." THAT really sucked.

According to those interviewed, Producer-narrator George Crile misrepresented his intentions. Vast segments of interviews were deleted as being not controversial enough. Virtually all interviews were out of context and edited with an axe. San Francisco Mayor Diane Feinstein, the focus of Crile's smear campaign, told the Los Angeles Times, "It was the only time in 20 years of public life that I've thrown a news crew out of my office. He (Crile) kept twisting my answers to make points he wanted to make, and when I refused to help him make his point, he went on and did what he wanted to do, anyway."

The program appears to have been scripted by the National Enquirer. Shots of wide-eyed children were mixed with shots of Halloween drags although the two groups were filmed hours and miles apart. An "expose" of Buena Vista Park — a predominately gay neighborhood — complete with outraged women claiming they were afraid to go anywhere near the park because of "what went on." No mention that the major problem in parks everywhere is heterosexual rape.

After S.F. politicos, the S.F. leather community got most of the electronic beating. We're not sure what S&M has to do with elections but Crile and crew made few pretensions of objectivity. We fully expected "Crazy Ed" Davis, ex-LAPD chief to be called on next. Perhaps he was the script consultant.

Opening and closing shots of dear old Harry Reasoner were tacked on for a semblance of respectability. They even put him in front of the Washington Monument. No help. The thing was loaded with commercials whose sponsors may or may not have seen this dog beforehand. Aluminum Siding companies and used car dealers would have been more in keeping with the program's content.

The bottom line of "Gay Power, Gay Politics" was that the gays were taking over politics in San Francisco and god knows where else. San Francisco, with an official count of a 20% gay population, has one elected gay supervisor and two upfront gay appointees in city government. But CBS's Crile say we are taking over.

One message came through loud and clear however. Gays are developing clout as they get their act together. May we suggest they use some of that clout by boycotting the flailing CBS network during the first week of fall programming. If a rating service contacts you, tell them you are watching PBS or reruns of "The Untouchables."

# MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

## PRETTY BOY SHIT?

I think since you are the publishers of one of the greatest magazines around for men that you should read what you print.

I am an avid fan of DRUMMER. One thing caught my attention (Getting Off, DRUMMER No. 36 — Too Fat, Too Thin — Too Bad).

I think DRUMMER does discriminate. It discriminates in the men that are pictured in your magazine. I, for one, am tired of seeing greased-down muscle men in your centerfolds. Where are these men in real life? I live in San Francisco and frequent the leather bars of the city. I rarely see men that look like the men of DRUMMER. I do see and meet men who are tall, thin, short, fat, old and young. All are goodlooking in their own ways — and I'm not speaking of trolls, trash or anything like that.

They may not fit your DRUMMER image, the image that you show in your magazine, but they are DRUMMER men, all the same. Why aren't these DRUMMER men shown? Instead, all we get are glimpses on your tours of the cities and Tough Customers, and that's just a little glimpse.

The rest of the magazine is muscles and pretty boy shit. Let's see some real world in a real magazine, or don't we fit your Robert Redford type?

Hal Baughman  
San Francisco, CA

(Editor's Note: Hal, either you haven't really been reading DRUMMER or you're blind as a bat. In the very issue you mentioned, No. 36, the guys on the cover, and the centerfold are San Francisco real men. One of the wrestlers won the Brig contest prelim's for the Mr. International Leather Contest. Even some of the guys in the ads are San Francisco men. And all the guys in the Tour articles are real, honest-to-goodness locals from the various cities. Our Tough Customers, of which there are an average of 12 per issue, are real men, from everywhere.

In fact, DRUMMER consistently passes on the typical posed studio photography to bring our readers real men, really into the DRUMMER lifestyle. As far as over-coverage of muscled men, we just don't agree. A lot of our photo subjects are not bodybuilders by a long shot — and in every instance, a man with a sexy attitude, a together head, and DRUMMER honesty will win out over beefcake without brains. You should take a look at some of the alleged magazines for men being published; we think you'll find DRUMMER has the real men, and has them issue after issue after issue.)

## TEXAS... NO TRUCKS

Ever since I received my first issue of your excellent magazine I've accepted as gospel your evaluation of scenes/places. Unfortunately, issue no. 34 contains an article so full of inaccuracies as to lead me to believe its author also writes letters to the editor of *Penthouse*. The article, *Texas Truckstop*, is the one I'm referring to.

I cannot imagine how out of date his Cameron's was, but looking at page 203 of the 1977 edition, I find no less than 10 baths and bars listed. Incidentally, none are associated with or even near any hotel; the only establishment listed as mixed is a bathhouse.

As a lifelong resident of El Paso, I've checked with all my friends concerning the code for "come and get it" — no one here has any knowledge of it. And, if you drive 40 miles north into New Mexico, as the author states, you'll find yourself in downtown Los Cruces, where I'm sure the local authorities would take exception to anyone who stripped completely "to feel the cool breeze through my legs."

Since Highway 55 does not run through El Paso, this may be a possible explanation for the article's inaccuracies. You'll find that Highway 55 originates in Ponchatoula, Louisiana (1000+ miles away) and heads north, terminating in Chicago.

Best wishes for the continued success of your excellent magazine.

J. Weathers  
El Paso, TX

(Editor's Note: What you keep referring to as an article was a Tough Tale, a series of short but hot stories written by readers, such as yourself, as examples of some true or twilight zone fantasy that was personal to the author but universal in its implications. Obviously it turned you on enough to dash out and start checking for raised hoods, or passing truckers. And, if you hadn't blown the whistle — a lot of us might have seen the action written about become part and parcel of those long overnights through the endless West Texas desert. But I'm sure you have some Tough Tales of your own, and we'd always be interested in hearing about them.

## PRESCOTT, BEWARE!

We are long time readers of DRUMMER and until No. 36 we've never had reason to complain. However, we now find it necessary to do so.

If there are two things that a New York writer should learn right away they are: one should never put down cats or insult people who live in New Jersey.

His number is 9973. His need is honest and deep. His orders were explicit. The door to which he reported could only be found by doing exactly as he was told and he could only be admitted at the exact time he was given to report.

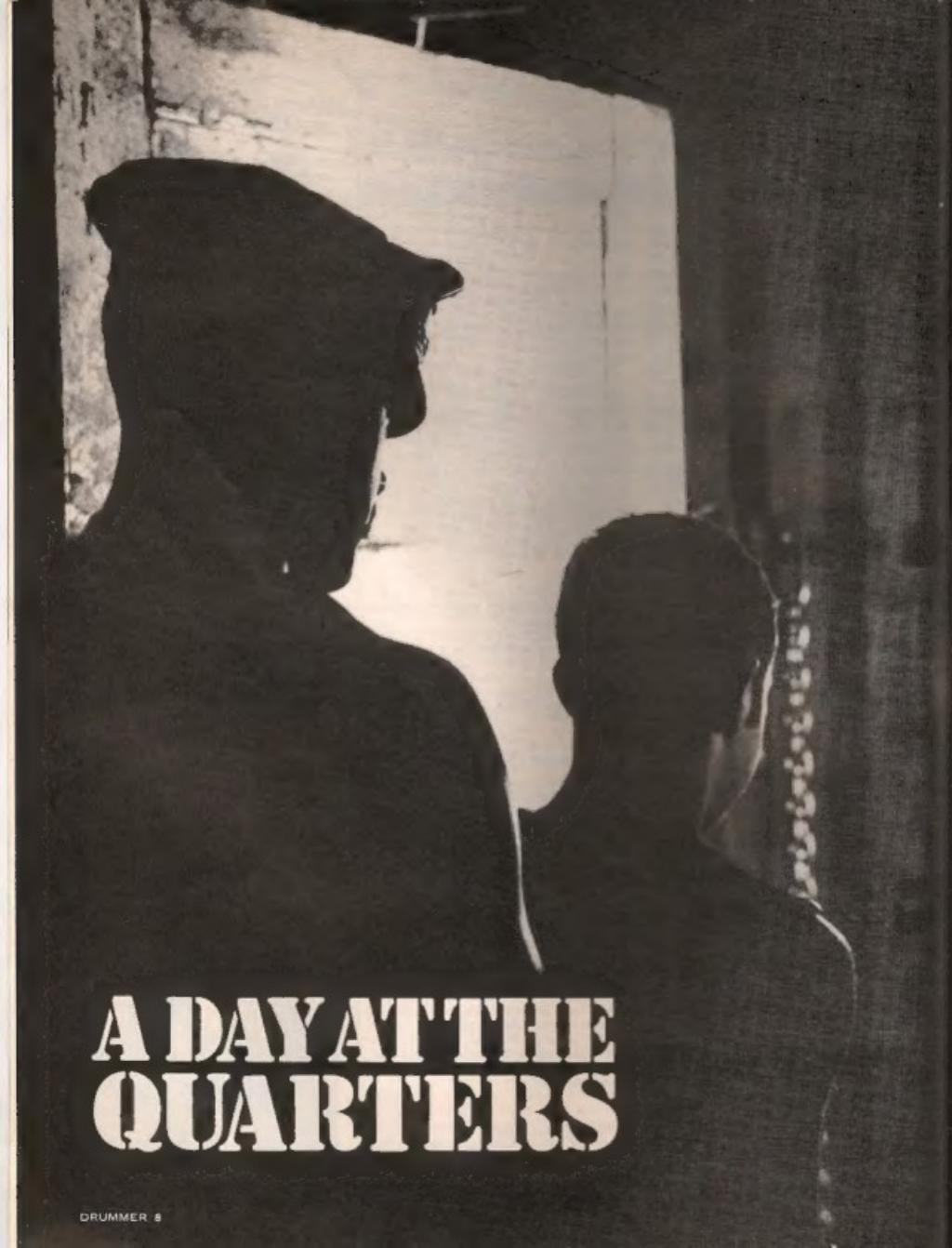
He was not reporting for the 48-hour Quarters Slave Training, but only for an already determined period of time in which he would experience Bondage and Discipline within his limits. He was almost sure of that. Yet the salty sweat in his armpits was the same as on his nut sack. The stomach sinking submission with which he gave his number to the demanding voice in the box made his ass clinch. Knowing that they knew his needs gave him even more reason to sweat. Still, because he wanted to know himself and more about his desires, he was reporting to The Quarters as ordered.

He knew only that he would be assigned to a Drill Instructor who would be responsible for his experience. When the big man at the door began to take him into custody he began the first of his many mental machinations. There wasn't a lot of time to think of the things he would be willing to do for this first Quarters Man.

He was quickly taken down a dark corridor, through a courtyard area into another dark corridor and forced through an unmarked door. All of the outside walls of the buildings were covered with metal, as was the door, so that you couldn't tell it was there unless you knew where to look. Inside the first door was a completely black boxed-in area where he could see nothing. The wood was rough when he was forced up against it and when the Quarters Man first spoke, it was not to him at all. "Booking in 9973," was all that was said.

An inner door opened. Heat from an old, large gas stove, dark red lights; candles burning; the smells of leather, piss, crisco, amyl, burnt wax, heavy sweat, grease and Men; and the strength of the hands that moved him into Cell Block 3.





# A DAY AT THE QUARTERS

DRUMMER 8





He glimpsed the already caged boy before he was forced into the spread eagle search position. They were thorough and quick. He was stripped, the clothes securely locked away and his arms strapped and cuffed to the cage. Before the hood went on he figured out that there were three Men handling him. The boy inside the cage had obviously already been crotch-shaved. 9973 tried desperately to remember if he had said yes or no on his Basic File where it asked about shaving. Was he really ready? He looked again at the Men handling him and knew that he was; that he wanted what they were going to make him do and be. After the hood, the shackles were put on his legs; tilt clamps and genital equipment were applied with convincing pressure.

Which one of these Men was his Drill Instructor? He suddenly realized that no words had been spoken since he had entered the cell block. He tried hard to tell the differences between the Men by the way he was touched. The one in the half-hood had not taken off the leather gloves, so he was easiest to determine. He was also, so far, the most forceful. There was equality among the Men and they seemed coordinated, yet one of them had to be leading.

While 9973 was moved to the overhead rack and unhooded the other boy was taken from the cage into another cell block. 9973 didn't worry too much about where the other boy went, especially when his ass began to feel the paddle. It was the same Man that had first taken him into custody.





Was this his Drill Instructor? Had his D.I. even been in the cell block yet? He knew that he would serve any of the Men he had seen up to now. His mind was working on ways he could show them that he wanted to be theirs. Was he supposed to find some way of showing which one of them he wanted to serve most? The fucking questions only heightened his willingness to be worthy. Shit, was his ass getting hot! The hooded one brought him amyl. He sniffed, glad of this sign of understanding from The Hood. To him a hood had always only been for submissives. But this hood was clearly cut differently and served to mask only the identity, not the power.

The big Man's arms continued to handle the paddle and him. Somehow the sting in his ass made his entire body sensitive to touch. His nipples, already erect from the clamps, needed only to be grazed by those hands to bring precum to his hard dick.

The rattle of chains signaled the return of the boy who had been caged before. The boy was strapped into the old barber's chair. The pot of hot oil was taken from the stove and the training actually began.

Carefully moving towards goals that only the Men knew, the boys were urged to figure out the correct answers to the hard-put questions over the next few hours. Their bodies felt what their minds couldn't figure out fast enough. The boys served well. They always do, sooner or later, at The Quarters.

9973 knew of the many possibilities at The Quarters. He could either come back as often as he could qualify and know that he would get more of this same treatment. Or he could go further, stay longer or even possibly be assigned to a D.I. for Quarters Duty on a regular duty roster. Or he could begin to take responsibility for new boys, get to handle them and begin to be a top, if that was what he wanted and he could show that he was willing to be responsible.

Right now he just wanted to grovel, to serve, to be the property of his D.I. He had finally figured out which one that was. Right now there was no outside world and he could loose his deepest needs in the boots and crotches of the Men at The Quarters.

order men matching specific measurements to fill physical demands; a nice little cellblock to jack off in. There were periods of time that we simply did not answer mail or phone calls because the phones exhausted our willingness to try. The men who came infrequently, when their schedules permitted, or only came once, never to return or be heard from again, were not the problems. The ones who lied about themselves, physically and mentally, or who did not keep arrangements that required sincere and elaborate efforts on our part, were the ones that made the going hard.

Ah, but then there are the unforgettable sessions that last for hours and sometimes days, the trainings that result in serious slaves, the spontaneous swell of being able to take someone really hot to a place where the experience can be total; the lasting relationships that make our lives work and feeling that we are contributing to the Leather Lifestyle while we are learning from each other and teaching and growing. There are nights we go out together, help produce parties, help get Leather business done and watch out for each other. Men who take and make their experiences serious sharing that with other, like men. That's what we are now and that's what keeps us in The Quarters.

Some of the mail gets answered, at our convenience now. The phone number has been changed. Only the hardy and hearty get through. Sometimes the lucky. We know each other intensely, with caring and even loving and we measure new men by their abilities to fulfill them selves and The Quarters. Beginners are as welcome as the heavy-duty. We get off on learning new things about ourselves and others.

The Quarters cellblocks, uniform collections, offices, bunkhouse, field equipment and personnel are used in many different ways in the community now just a group of men? Maybe Not for everybody for sure. A safe place to find out the answers to your Leather fantasies. A way of Life for some. An absolutely private and confidential place to let it happen. What happens inside The Quarters is not discussed outside of The Quarters by anyone.

For the proud, not the snobbish, the qualified, not the arrogant; to serve the Leather Community, not try to run it. For the physically sound and piquant, for the mentally stimulating and stimulated, and for the nasty, deviant fuckers that want to do it. Not a busines and especially not a bathhouse. A place for men to get it on with men without interruption, long enough and hard enough to satiate each other.

Got a fantasy, a need you want to exercise? Let us hear about it, in detail. Better put a picture in that envelope, boy. The Quarters, P.O. Box 3119, San Francisco, CA 94112.

D.I. 8732





DRUMMER covered *The Quarters* in Issue 24 when it was just beginning to be known. It has transformed the lives of some of the men who have been booked into the facilities. Since it is not a business, as these men came back or stayed with *The Quarters* there have been changes made in the operation. It remains a real place and experience South of Market in San Francisco.

Leather in the custody of Leather. Men straining chains to reach their limits. All the deviant, fantasizing and gutsy men fall in on the right.

Most fantasies are exactly that because the men who dare to dream don't have the balls to live. Half-assed commitments don't pay off with satisfaction, yet assholes still wonder why they find life unfilled when they can't scrape up the guts to even try to find what their fantasies feel like on their bodies. Fantasies are rarely convenient in reality. That makes them more valuable.

In creating *The Quarters*, the goal was to be as real as fantasy could create, convenient or not. It is in the commitment to your fantasies that you find your joys, truths, your creativity, your tomorrows, your values in terms of self worth and your ability to fulfill others and their fantasies.

*The Quarters*. No bullshit. We really mean it when we say it's not a public place in any way. Even when you know where it's at you can't get in without permission or orders to report. And when

you get orders you know better than to fuck up.

Leather linking men to men requires exact alloys. Specific needs for specific needs and a willingness to need more sometimes. Limits acknowledged. Barriers broken. Connections made. Slaves trained. Masters met and made. Sweat, piss, grease, bondage, wrestling, uniforms, drills and more. A definite, individual experience. For those few who know and those others who want to discover the vast, intelligent and intellectual difference between S&M and honest Bondage and Discipline.

A thousand files of fuckface fantasies ain't where it's at, if dreamers are afraid to live. Bulk mailings, jackoff phoners, arrangement-changers and losers are not Quarters Personnel.

Hardheavyhot requisite sex, bound to serve. Cages for uncaged desires. Leather for fathered obsessions. Bondage for the discipline of your soul. Discipline for the bondage of your body. The evocation of your painful pleasures. The pleasures of serious tribadism. Trust finding fulfillment. This is what *The Quarters* has become. Enough without too much.

In two years of trying to serve, contact and connect bona fide sexual Men, the waste of money, time and tremendous effort seemed hardly worth it. People tried hard to make us what we are not: a last ditch for the lonely; a service to use at any hour a dick gets hard, mail-

Of course, I was a bit worried at the beginning of the summer. I'm a hedonist, to say the least. There are several very good reasons why I choose to spend my summers on the Island. Reading is not one of them.

But Booker turned out to be the ideal housemate — always considerate and unobtrusive (unlike the animals I've wound up with past summers). For my part, I went out of my way to be sure I didn't offend what I assumed were his delicate sensibilities. I kept the heavy stuff out of the house. I didn't indulge, either, in any Monday (or Tuesday or Wednesday or Thursday) morning quarterbacking about my exploits in the meat rack. And life with Booker — so tranquil, so organized, so downright hookish — seemed to add a special spur to my sex life in the bushes and elsewhere that summer.

Then Daniel entered the cozy little setup. Unobtainable Daniel. Daniel Daniel Daniel. Daniel was the weekday trick Booker met in the weight room at the Y one muggy day in June. Daniel was pumping iron and inflating hearts as well as it's own very perfect, very beautiful lats and pecs.

Yes, Daniel would love to go out for a cup of coffee. Yes, Daniel adored Celine, too — in spite of Celine's politics. Yes, Daniel felt that Pound was a more difficult question. Yes, Daniel lived right up the street. No, Daniel was too tired today after his workout . . . And the next evening, after the ballet (getting the tickets had been one of those through the eye of the needle ordeal)s Daniel was a little headachy . . . And that next week, and the next, and the next . . . until I was ready to go back into the city and rape Daniel myself, just from hearing about it.

At last, in the middle of July, Troy fell.

"How was it?" I asked, literally salivating from the news.

"Very nice," Booker said.

We were lying on the beach. Booker's well-oiled chest rose and fell to the rhythm of the surf. Just preceptably. My own heart was pounding. "Is that all?" I nearly shouted at him. "Is that all you can say? Very nice?"

"Well, what do you want me to say?"

"You finally land this hot number all of New York has wet pants over and all you can say is 'very nice'?"

Booker's eyes flickered open, briefly. His face was still expressionless. "Well, it was. Very nice."

I got up, pulled off my trunks, ran down the beach and took a running dive into the first big wave that came in.

"I'll be showed up there?" It was Booker on the phone from the harbor.

"No," I said. "Why don't you just come back to the house. You've been down there waiting for him since six."

"I hope he's all right."

"He'll probably call. He probably got held up. He doesn't need you to meet him at the ferry. He knows the way." I hung up.

It was getting on my nerves. Booker and Daniel. A ganze weekend of bitching and kvetching I didn't need. This was true love?

Booker came home. It was his night, so he began cooking the dinner he'd bought for Daniel — flank steak, summer

squash, salad for the two of us.

Daniel arrived, characteristically, during dinner. I was almost relieved to have someone even Daniel break the sulky silence over the dinner table.

As soon as he heard Daniel's footsteps on the stairs, Booker ran outside to meet him on the dock. They went into their little dance outside in the dark. I couldn't help but hear

"I said I was leaving the city at six, not taking the six o'clock ferry," said Daniel. "Oh," said Booker. "I had the distinct impression you said the ferry." "Well, I didn't." "Well, I waited." "It's just that I was disappointed. I was looking forward to seeing you on the dock." "Well, I was disappointed, too. I waited for two hours." "You drunk?" "No," said Booker, mightily offended. "Do I look drunk?" "Well, you help me with these?" "Poor baby. Are you all right?" "That nice man, that James, helped me. It was a good thing he spotted me." "I waited," Booker said. This was followed by low muttering.

Daniel came in, leaning on a cane. Booker was behind him, with the bags. Daniel did not travel light, even for a weekend on the Island.

"What's that for?" I asked, pointing to the cane.

"I had a little accident," Daniel said, mysterious y.

"He pulled his back at the gym," Booker said, hustling the bags into his room.

"Don't say that," Daniel said. "It sounds so class." He sat down.

Booker fretted and fussed over him, got him a cushion, cut up his meat, worried over him, apologized again for missing the ferry, hovered over him. The cane kept falling onto the floor with loud crack and Booker kept retrieving it and propping it up again.

"Where does it hurt?" I asked after dinner.

Daniel stood up (with no apparent difficulty), dropped his chinos, pulled up his T-shirt in the back, pointed to the location on his spine. He gave me a full rundown on the injury, his doctor's diagnosis, the drugs he was taking, the prognosis for recovery — all with his chinos hanging down around his knees.

Daniel was as big and as beautiful as all Booker's lovers had been — curly-headed, dark, mustachioed, with dark smooth Arabian-looking skin — but not as dumb as any of the others by half. He knew the effect he was having on me. And on Booker.

"More coffee?" Booker asked.

I went off to see some friends, then out to dance at the Ice Palace, then into the bushes about four in the morning. Some guy asked me to piss on him, so I did, and he thanked me. "I've been looking for a number to do that for the past hour and a half," he said. "You're welcome," I said. All in a night's work.

When I got back home it was getting light out. Booker was up, reading. His greeting was rather curt. I took it that the evening hadn't gone well. When I'd left, he was trying to make Daniel comfortable out on the deck in a lawn chair, with little success.

The next day Daniel insisted on walking down to the beach. I looked up from my blanket just in time to see them creeping



# THE GUERMAMANTES WAY

## BY GEORGE WHITMORE

The night Booker told me about his brother, he began by way of explaining why he'd dropped the wine glasses. He must not have heard me come in (I was barefoot) because when the screen door swung to with a clatter he dropped all six of them and broke every one on the kitchen floor.

As he swept up the broken glass, he explained how his brother used to surprise him all the time by sneaking up behind him and smacking him across the back of the head, for instance.

Then, picking up the little splinters of glass with a wet paper towel, Booker told me how his brother used to put him between the mattress and the springs on the bed, then sit and bounce on top of him. He pulled other little tricks on Booker, too - like making him eat bugs, tripping him on the stairs, giving him a cherry belly, hanging him from the tree in the back yard like the old tire they used for a swing. His brother used to hold his head under the water in the swimming pool, pinch him until his arms were bruised black and blue, light kitchen matches and place them against the soles of his feet while he was sleeping.

Booker told me all this in a calm little voice while he wiped up the floor. His back was to me. The old gym shorts he always wore were rutched down in the back to reveal his jock and the beginnings of his tight, round little ass.

"What did your folks do?" I asked.

"They sent him away to school when he stuck a jackknife in my foot playing mumblypeg."

As Booker went about cooking dinner and I cut up the vegetables for salad, he told me all about his revenge fantasy. It was very elaborate. He wanted to kill his brother.

Specifically, he wanted to rent a car and drive down to Baton Rouge, park a few houses away from his brother's, creep up to the living room window - his brother and sister-in-law would be sitting inside, watching TV - and shoot his brother in the back of the head with a thirty-oh-six deer rifle.

The sister-in-law would be grateful, Booker would get back into his rented car and drive non-stop to New York. There he would drop the rifle into the Hudson at the 79th Street boat basin. He would go home and take a shower, then to bed, to

enjoy the first uninterrupted (by nightmares, that is) sleep of his young life.

That's a brief resume of it. I'm leaving out all the bright little touches of humor. His very detailed scenario had quite a chilling effect on me, as I sat at the kitchen table slicing tomatoes, watching them bleed under the knife.

"Some fantasy," I said.

"Yeah," Booker said, sliding his Tuna Surprise onto the rack in the oven.

"Do you do that a lot?" I asked.

"What?"

"Fantasy?"

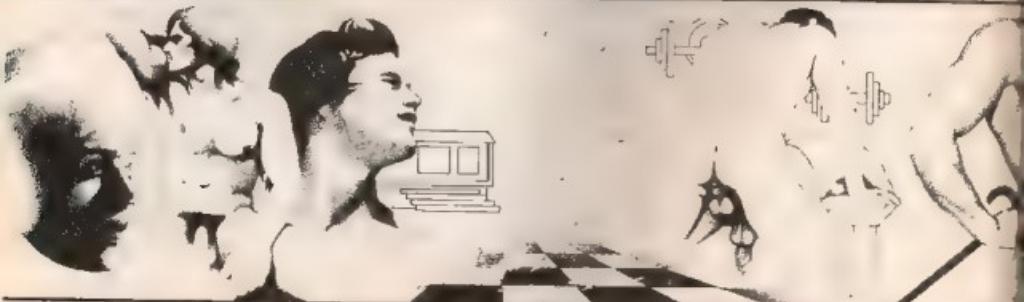
"Oh, no. Never. Just about that." He turned around and leaned against the sink. His baby blue eyes were shining with pleasure. Then he sat down at the table. He must have realized I was looking at his crotch. Even with the jock, anyone could tell he had a hard-on.

This was the first inkling I ever had that Booker might not be quite what he appeared to be - an overgrown Boy Scout. As a matter of fact, he'd once confessed to my friend Carl that he (Booker) had been an Eagle scout, not exactly a badge of honor in our set. In many ways he still was.

I never would have thought of him as a housemate, our personal styles were so different. But Carl had said "never another Fire Island summer, never again, absolutely not," and it was Brooklyn, not me, who crept I didn't know at all.

Bonker was aptly named (No, he wasn't black, though he did come from the South.) He was bookish. The summer we were housemates, he was reading through Proust for the third time, in French.

He would have been tempting, had it not been for that overall scouthit air about him and the fact that we'd already had sex once in the past - it wasn't bad, but it certainly wasn't memorable. I'm not heavy into leather, but I do like the role playing we did. Like Alton Adams, Bookie, didn't even warm up. Too bad, I remember thinking at the time. He was awfully cute (though I never would have used that word to his face) - about five-eight, blond-to-auburn haired, and seldom out of that old pair of gym shorts (that I ever saw).





# S&M GOES PUBLIC

In the last couple years we have seen the images associated with sado-masochism spill over into establishment areas and expressions. From the fashion designer who uses black leather and chrome studs; from S&M inspired advertising images that bring a chuckle from the knowledgeable, and a shocked silence from the uninitiated; to the use

of S&M as a backdrop for motion pictures, record covers, literature, and art. The Madison Avenue assumption has been that this is a sexual expression so alien to the mainstream experience that distance became a safety factor, making the world of S&M a usable tool.

That premise is beginning to crack.

down the steps and onto the sand. Daniel's big arm was around Booker's shoulders and Booker was staggering under the weight. I could see Daniel's mouth moving in a mask of (feigned, I was beginning to suspect) pain. He gestured here and there with the cane, picking out a spot for them to put their beach sheet down. They didn't see me, which was just fine with me. I napped a bit and when I got up to go back to the house, I saw them walking down the beach towards the Pines. Booker still bent under Daniel's arm.

I ate out that night.

When I came back to nap and change for dancing, Booker was reading aloud to Daniel out of *The Guermantes Way*. Daniel was sitting on the couch, with his legs propped up on a cushion on the coffee table, sipping at a big cool glass of Perrier with a lime wedge in it. All was peaceful. Proust, read in Booker's prep school French, wafted into the bedroom and put me to sleep, as Proust always will, no matter which language.

I ran into Mickey Ryan at the Ice Palace and we ended up together for what was left of the night. It was your standardized ritual scene. Mickey has this harness you put him in, and after you shave off his week's growth of body hair he likes you to be his Seventh Grade Phys. Ed. teacher and fuck him.

Booker was out on the back deck when I came home.

"Don't go in there," he said.

"O.K.," I said. I was blissed out on quaaludes and I'm very docile after a scene like the one with Mickey anyway. I sat down on the railing. "Why not?" It occurred to me to ask.

"You're not going to like it." Booker was shivering in the early morning air. He was wearing nothing but the gym shorts. "Why am I not going to like it?" I was a little less blissed out now.

Then I noticed the bruises.

"How'd you get those?"

There were big red welts on his shoulders. I leaned over and looked at his back. There were a couple of big marks over his kidneys, too.

"Is that fucker still here?" I hissed.

"No."

"What the fuck did he do to you?"

Booker shrugged.

I went inside. He was right, I didn't like it. A couple of straight-backed chairs lay smashed in the center of the floor. The table with my stereo and tape deck had been overturned. There was broken glass everywhere. A round, surprisingly symmetrical hole had been bashed out of the window next to the front door. The cane was hooked into the hole, evidently had made it in the glass, and hung down outside over the front deck, like a cock at half mast.

"I'll take this out of that fucker's ass," I shouted.

"I'll pay for it," Booker said. He was standing just inside the kitchen door.

"Look out," I said. "You'll get your feet all cut up." But he'd done that already and his feet were bleeding. "Go outside and sit down," I said.

I got a cooking pot and filled it with warm water, my boots crunching in the broken glass, and took the pot and a dish towel out onto the dock. I squatted down at the bottom of the steps and washed Booker's feet. First I pulled out a couple of splinters of glass.

"I'll kill that fucker," I said. And meant it. "Where is he?"

"I don't know."

I ran the wet dish towel over the soles of Booker's feet. He was feeling no pain.

"I couldn't stand it anymore," Booker said tonelessly.

"I can understand that," I said, looking up at him.

He raised an eyebrow.

"He's a spoiled, petulant asshole," I said.

"You don't understand," Booker said. "I started it." "If you mean you should have known from the beginning . . ."

"No. I mean I started it. I hit him with the cane."

I sat back on my heels.

Booker explained. It had started over the pronunciation of Guermantes. Daniel said it was one way, Booker said it was another. Daniel insisted it wasn't, Booker said he (Booker) should know. It escalated, of course, with each one dropping it (mock concessions) and the other picking it up again. "He was ruining Proust for me," Booker said simply. Daniel then asked for m.v. Perrier. Booker got up to get it. Daniel sat on the couch. The cane fell to the floor. Booker went to pick up the cane. "Oh, leave it there, for God's sake," Daniel said. Booker picked it up. And then, for some reason (without thinking at all what that might have been) Booker swung it and cracked Daniel right across the face. Just like that. It opened up a nice, tidy little cut on Daniel's cheek bone. The cut began to bleed. Booker looked at the cut, Astonishment was written across Daniel's face. Then, Booker realized he (Booker) was smiling. Daniel realized it, too. Daniel put his hand up to the cut, looked at the blood on his fingers, then back at Booker, who was standing there, still smiling. Booker handed the cane to Daniel. The rest, as Booker said, belatedly trying to make a stab at humor, was history.

He was smiling now, too.

"Booker," I said. "You are one fucked up dude."

"I guess I am." His smile broadened, but a tear popped out of the corner of his eye.

I got up and planted one foot on the middle step, leaned down and put my arms under him, picked him up and carried him into the house. He was lighter than I'd remembered.

I put him in the shower, took off my own clothes, and got in with him. I washed his bruises and washed the night's dancing and sex off my body. Then I got out, dried off, dried him off, put alcohol on his wounds — he didn't even wince — picked him up again and carried him into my bedroom.

I put him on the bed and got in next to him. I pulled the sheet up over us. I put my arm around him. He snuggled up against me, I could feel him against my thigh. He'd been getting turned on in the shower. He'd been hard by the time I finished drying him off.

"Tomorrow, Booker," I said, "or rather today — we're going to go down to the hotel and buy you a little black leather vest, and I think chaps, too. And some little studded leather wrist cuffs. And a cycle cap, for sure. I have everything else here. For starters, you're going to tie me up!" — my cock was rising — "and put tit clamps on me. And a blindfold, of course. Just your standardized ritual scene. And then you're going to be my Seventh Grade Phys. Ed. teacher and fuck me. How does that sound?"

He was sleeping.

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him. He was letting me know that (humiliation) was something he wanted. (To you want pain, don't you, slave?)

Jeff: Yes, Sir

Don At this point, the communication . . . it's a way for me to check that everything is okay, and that he really is digging what's happening. It's also a way of moving into the next thing . . . in this case, putting him in bondage on the rack. (To Jeff) Put your feet on the floor.

It's definitely a mixture of what you would normally consider your typical pleasure with bits of pain gradually being introduced. This particular position with the tension on the arm, tends to create numbness and cut off circulation, and it's good to keep checking to make sure his hands are not turning cold.

Jeff: May I go to the bathroom, Sir?

Don This is basically a time when we want to take a break. But, you'll notice, that there's an attempt to relax without really coming out of the roles. The roles and communication remain intact even though we're really not playing the roles very heavily.

To the extent possible we're taking what has been a fantasy for the two of us for a long time, and making it a reality or even creating a reality that we can later use to incorporate into our fantasies after the session. (To Jeff) I want you to

Jeff: One, Sir. Thank you, Sir.

Don Asking the slave to count is a way I have of communicating and testing how much pain he likes and is a turn-on. I can tell from the tone of his voice whether he's really excited or really reaching the point where it's going to become too much. (To Jeff) I am going to give you at least eight strokes.

Jeff: Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir.

Don The whole thing is a way of coming down and being affectionate, trying to express — in this way, not so painfully — the intensity of feelings that the two of us have accumulated during the session.

The imagery of S&M has been used exploitatively in other cases — to sensationalize and frighten a uniformed public. Fidellien used that ploy in his controversial film *Cruising*, to excess. CBS recently aired an alleged look at the gay political process in San Francisco in which unrelated S&M imagery was added to upset the general public's sense of decorum. In fact, after the CBS program aired, critics across the country denounced it as yellow journalism on a grand scale.

But S&M. *One Foot Out of the Closet* did not falter in its basic intention to be honest and compassionate. It is the kind of programming probably only possible on a local level; on public television where ratings and sponsor considerations don't exist. Unlike the CBS program, where integrity was never a consideration, *Closer* approached its subject and the people involved with a tremendous sense of integrity.

This superb program will be re-aired in May of this year; if at all possible, try to see it — you'll find, perhaps for the first time, that you have not been betrayed by the non-gay establishment media.

— John W. Rowberry

## Rave Response to S & M Program on Channel 9

A documentary Monday night on sadomasochism in the Bay Area brought KQED-TV close to 1,000 telephone calls, one of its biggest responses, news director Roxanne Russell said yesterday.

"We normally get maybe a hundred calls when we have feedback after a program, and we get eight to ten times that amount on the documentary," Russell said.

She said she was surprised that about 70 percent of those calling in approved of the show and of Channel 9 producing it.

"Most of them wanted repeats," she said. One 12-year-old called in to find out what role youngsters his age have in S&M.

As for the other 30 percent "most of them seemed troubled more by the subject matter itself rather than whether it belonged on television," she said. "People didn't want to believe that S&M is really here."

A few were repelled by the hour-long production and half-hour live studio discussion that followed, and threatened to cancel their support, she said.

Russell said the production took more than six months to research some information, while the researchers as well as most viewers

Most S&M in the Bay Area is practiced by heterosexuals not homosexuals as was thought

to be the case when the research started she said.

"We found out it was easiest to permeate the gay S&M movement — you know, you see them on the street in leather leather and chains and keys," Russell said. "But after repeated attempts, we finally gained the trust of the heterosexual S&M community as well and learned there are many more straights in these games than gays."

Another surprise was that 80 percent of the straight men practicing S&M in the Bay Area are submissive rather than dominant, and that runs counter to the theory that heterosexual men get into S&M so they can dominate women," Russell said.

"We found that S&M doesn't have much to do with sexual gender but with the exertion of power — either people want to exert power over someone else or want someone to exert power over them," she said.

Because the production was scheduled during the week when station ratings are kept in the Nielsen Survey, the viewer-supported station learned yesterday that the show received a 4.8 rating, which means some 106,400 homes were watching "and that's a good rating for us," she said. Usually the programming of the station which has 125,000 subscribers has an average rating of 1 to 1.5.

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S&M is going public, and in the most influential way on television.

Phil Bronstein and Lou DeCosta produced a one-hour documentary, *S&M: One Foot Out of the Closet* which was

the heterosexual and the homosexual portions of the program. There was an obvious air of sexuality to the gay scenes that was consistently a missing factor in the non-gay sections. The same is true of



Producer Philip Bronstein

first aired on the West Coast in early February of this year. The program was broadcast by KQED, the Bay Area public television station. Although it received only routine pre-air publicity, it was seen by an estimated 106,400 viewers - a high percentage of single program viewers for non-commercial television. The station received a flood of phone calls, overwhelmingly favorable, during and after the airing (See: *Raw Response to S&M Program on Channel 9*).

The program, for the first time in history, dealt objectively with sadomasochism. Both heterosexuals and gays were shown without bias or sensationalism. In fact, the program brought to light that there were more heterosexuals into S&M in the Bay Area than gays - a statistic the gay community found hard to believe.

For the next month or so, conversations in the S&M community centered on the fact that only in the gay segments of the program was any compassion and sensitivity shown in the slave-master relationship. A great deal of the heterosexual S&M seemed to be geared toward profit; with extensive coverage of professional women in domatrix roles, and establishments that charged a fee from their clients (mostly male) to receive punishment, bondage, humiliation and pain from stables of leather-clad women.

The program noted that heterosexual S&M is, for the most part, invisible. Among gays, however, it was easier to find visible proof of S&M involvement referring to men who wear leather, keys, hankies, handcuffs, and the like, in public; and the large number of gay bars that cater almost exclusively to both leathermen and the S&M practitioners.

Bronstein and DeCosta researched the subject for six months, which is an amazingly short time considering the amount of mythology they were able to eradicate from the program.

It is easy to draw distinctions between

Don: How are you doing now, slave?

Jeff: Fine Sir. Thank you Sir for letting me lick your boots, Sir.

Don: You like that, don't you, slave?

Jeff: Yes Sir, very much,

Don: Spread your legs, slave. You like to take your master's pain, don't you, slave?

Jeff: Yes Sir, very much, Sir.

Don: It hurts being a slave, doesn't it?

Jeff: Yes Sir.

emotional response. While we hear heterosexual men and women talking about feeling love' for their slaves, it remains auditory. The tenderness that balances S&M in gay relationships was both audible and visual.

The major gay segments of the program centered around a leatherman named Don - and in a few scenes - his slave, Jeff. The cameraman (Bob Friske) unrelentingly recorded without pandering. The privacy of a sexual experience between these two men maintained an intimacy despite the reality of the situation. This is very much in contrast to the heterosexual portions, where the viewer was constantly aware that certain acts, gestures, and postures were being staged for the camera.

In the following excerpt from the program's transcript, Bronstein, who narrated and appeared in the documentary, introduces a sadomasochistic scene between Don and Jeff -

Bronstein: A scene can be a scenario as full of fantasy and role-playing as a film or play. This is part of a scene between Don and his submissive, Jeff, with Don explaining what's happening.

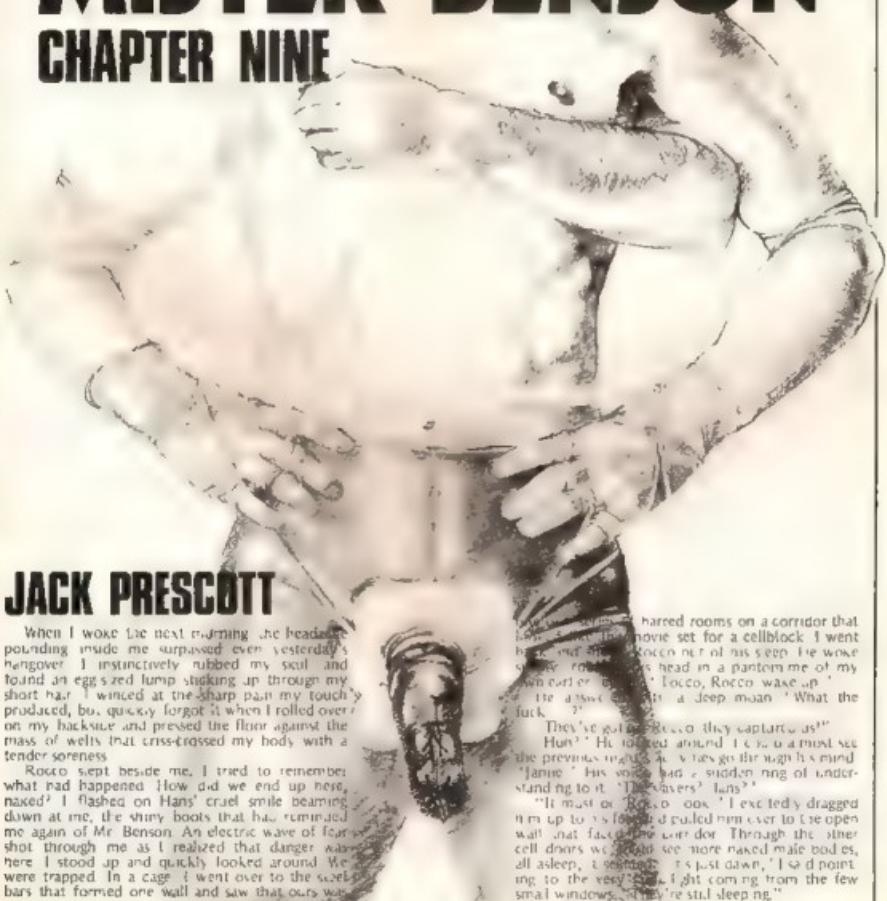
Don: In this phase, he's basically presenting himself to me, offering himself as a slave; and I am, at least symbolically here, inspecting him and deciding whether or not I consider him worthwhile as a piece of property. This is very important to the scene, placing the slave collar around his neck which snaps into place with a lock. I've heard many slaves say that this - when they hear that click - is the moment at which they really become a slave. (To Jeff) As long as you wear this collar, you belong to me. Say 'Sir.'

Jeff: Sir, could I please finish licking the straps on your boots, Sir? I need it, Sir.

Don: The communication there . . . he was practically asking me to humiliate

# MISTER BENSON

## CHAPTER NINE



### JACK PRESCOTT

When I woke the next morning the headache pounding inside me surpassed even yesterday's hangover. I instinctively rubbed my seal and found an egg-sized lump sticking up through my short hair. I winced at the sharp pain my touch produced, but quickly forgot it when I rolled over on my backside and pressed the floor against the mass of wells that criss-crossed my body with a tender soreness.

Rocco slept beside me. I tried to remember what had happened. How did we end up here, naked? I flashed on Hans' cruel smile beaming down at me, the shiny boots that had reminded me again of Mr Benson. An electric wave of fear shot through me as I realized that danger was here. I stood up and quickly looked around. We were trapped. In a cage. I went over to the steel bars that formed one wall and saw that ours was

a series of barred rooms on a corridor that led to another movie set for a cellblock. I went back and slept. Rocco out of his sleep. He woke slowly, rubbing his head in a pantomime of my own earlier agony. "Rocco, Rocco, wake up," he drawled. After a deep moan, "What the fuck?"

"They've got us. Rocco, they captured us!"

Huh? He looked around. I could almost see the previous night's events go through his mind. "Jamie?" His voice had a sudden ring of understanding to it. "The savers?" fans?

"It must be." Rocco took it. I excitedly dragged him up to the floor and pulled him over to the open wall that faced the corridor. Through the other cell doors we could see more naked male bodies, all asleep, I assumed. It's just dawn, I said pointing to the very faint light coming from the few small windows. They're still sleeping."



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only a few though, most of us got picked up at bars."

We never could see the neighbor, except slight glimpses of him because of the concrete wall. The man across the way, though, was easy to spot. He looked young, I'd say about my age - 25 then. And goodlooking. More goodlooking than hot. His chest was covered with that wiry, curly body hair that blonds have. It was in only matted over his upper torso. They had picked a winner with him, that's for sure. The best part of him was his ass. It was like Rocco's, the kind of ass that has muscles as well developed as a weightlifter's arms. I momentarily wandered into thinking about him and that backside as he stood and walked away from the cell door. I couldn't help but wonder what it would taste like to put my face right up there into the crack between those solid, hard mounds.

Rocco pulled me back to reality, "Jamie, what the hell are we going to do?"

What indeed? "There's nothing we can do, Rocco, nothing at all. We're trapped here like the rest of them, all we can do is wait."

"We have to get in touch with Brendan, Jamie. He'll get us out."

"And how are we going to do that, send smoke signals?"

The idea caught in our minds and we quickly communicated the thought, we looked around the room and groaned. The only furniture was a foam mat we had slept on. There was a toilet bowl, naked just like in a real jail cell. And that was all. The floors were covered with linoleum. There was nothing to burn even if we could light it. We moaned with one voice,

"What, Jamie? What are we going to do?"

Our answer was a loud slamming of the door. All the bodies in the row of cubicles rose to go to investigate the strange sound. Hans and the sadistic jailer both walked in, dragging a body between them. Another captive. Another blonde. He was carried/pulled in front of our cell. "Back, asshole," the jailer growled ferociously. We jumped against the far wall as Hans and the other man opened the barred gate and threw the new man into our room.

"A very spec' al specimen," Hans sneered once the weight was relieved. And there, right in front of us, sprawled the model, Mr. Benson's new slave!

My first thought was, "Poor Mr. Benson has lost both of us." My second was, "What's that asshole doing here!"

Rocco had run up to the prone body and had cradled it in his arms. He gently slapped the face, trying to bring to consciousness the image that had driven millions of Americans to lung cancer. "Jamie, get some water from the toilet bowl!" I didn't move. "Jamie!" Rocco ordered more forcibly when I stood fast.

"Rocco, I don't want to help him," I pointed an accusing finger at the motionless body.

"Jamie, this is no time for your antics. Now get some water." Rocco wasn't buying my act, I guess, and after a minute, I do go over and cupped some cold water in my joined hands, carrying it back over to the two of them. I let it run out of my palms, over his face. I enjoyed the sudden splash it made, and the way he had to almost throw up to keep from gagging.

"Jamie," Rocco said accusingly.

"Well, you, said," I responded.

By then the model was sitting up. The gleaming torso outlined by the moisture of sweat and water. The perfect muscles were stark in their relief. The light played with his body as complementarily as the cameras that had made it famous. I hated him.

He had stolen Mr. Benson from me.

His head protested the pain with an undistinguishable sound. He rubbed his own lump, just as Rocco and I had ours earlier. "Where am I?"

"You're sure as hell not on Fifth Avenue," I spit out.

He turned quickly to face me, and blushed, as well he might, when he saw me looking at him. "You."

"You," I answered.

He moaned again and shakily stood up and looked at me. "How did you get here? You were supposed to be sent away."

"Don't know it!" I screamed my response.

He looked at me not understanding the anger in my tone.

"Didn't Mr. Benson send you away?"

"You know he did," my voice almost broke as I screamed at him. "You know he did. He sent me away to take up with you. He kicked me out. He turned me over for," my look was

savage, "you!"

"That's not true," he defended himself.

"Man, I saw you," Rocco softly interjected.

"But," the man tried to explain, "that was a set-up, a trick being played on these guys."

Rocco looked as puzzled as I felt. "What do you mean by that?" I finally asked.

"It was a ploy," he whispered, "to get me captured by the ring. I'm supposed to be investigating the disappearances. You two were supposed to be safely put away. What are you doing here?"

"Why you?" I challenged.

"I'm a cop. An undercover agent. It was set up for me to be captured because Mr. Benson and Brendan didn't want you harmed."

A tear came to my eye. "You mean, you're not Mr. Benson's new slave?"

"I'm a cop," he said indignantly.

That I didn't believe. "You sucked my cock," I exclaimed.

"That," he blushed, "That was a test. To see if I could pull off acting like a bottom just a test." His voice dropped off and he looked away.

"Pretty convincing if you ask me," I pressed. "You sure knew how to follow orders."

His face went even more scarlet. "Yeah. Well." He stammered. "Look, that's not the point." He regained his self-control. "The point is you two are supposed to be safe. Mr. Benson and Brendan wanted you carefully put away just so this wouldn't happen. What the hell am I supposed to do now?"

"What were you going to do in the first place?"

His look made it obvious he was debating answering Rocco's question. He made his mind up. "I'm wired for radio. There's a transmitter in my body. When I activate it, they'll be able to trace me down. They know I'm somewhere in the city."

"Where is it?" I was curious.

He blushed again, "Just you never mind."

Suddenly our conversation was shut off by the loud sound



"But, what does it mean, Jamie? What are we here for?"

Almost in answer to his question, a heavy door opened and Hans, in full Topmen uniform, the Nazi patch on his sleeve catching the dim dawn with ominous clarity, walked in. A baton in his hand slapped against the steel bars of each cage as he made his way up the line until he was standing directly in front of ours.

"And well, my lovelies, how did you sleep?" He had a monocle in his eye, a caricature of his self-created image.

"What are you doing to us?" Rocco cried out. "Why are we here?"

"You are here to fulfill your fondest and finest fantasies, you stupid twerp!" The baton hit the bars and made Rocco jump back a step. "You are here to be sold...to slavery."

Hans turned to face his companion, a mean looking guy who could have fit central casting's definition of a hood. This one will have to be dealt with very strictly. He had ideas that he is not really one of them. He occasionally thinks he is just playing sex games with the dingo lover of his.

"But, the other," he gestured to me, "is the real thing. A born slave who will draw the highest price. I have no doubt."

They stared into our small arena. "The marks are unfortunate," Hans continued, pointing to the painful stripes on my body. "He obviously found trouble when that pretentious master of his kicked him out." I snarled at the mention of Mr. Benson coming from this asshole's lips. "He cannot be physically put shed, we must try to..." he sneered "clear up his complexion in time for the sale."

The two of them walked away then, leaving us to listen to the sounds of the wailing noises of the other inmates. "Rocco, we're in for it."

The others came too. They were obviously more used to the regimen of the place, and they were waiting for the food that was brought in by Hans' companion and a crony who was pushing a cart of something that produced great clouds of steam.

"On your knees by the bars, assholes." The ugly voice boomed out. "Open your yaps for food."

We watched silently, unbelievingly, as the pair made their way up the line of doors. At each a man, naked as we were, each more beautiful than the next, would kneel at the gate and open his mouth. The terrible-looking keeper would produce his enormous dick, sloppily circumcised by an inept surgeon, and force the captive to suck on its huge width. Only when each had done that, did he get a plate of the steaming gruel that was carried on the cart.

They were all fair complected. Most were blond. Their bodies were universally beautiful. The bodies of Christopher Street clones that worked out in the gymnasiums. They almost all had moustaches and well developed chests. Each of them, I counted twenty four, including ourselves, looked like an advertisement for the All American Boy. Only Rocco's tattoos and my shaved crotch and chest made this seem anything less than the perfect group of American college students. Mid-western American college students at that.

What was this all about?

Finally, they arrived in front of our cage. "On your knees." The order was gruff and almost matter of fact. We didn't move. "You don't understand English? I said on your knees." The keeper's voice was raised, his heavy cock was waving in the air in front of us. "You don't get on your knees, you're getting the beating of your life."

"Hans told you not to harm me. I heard him." I was suddenly grateful for the scars on my backside.

The giant in front of me leered. "But, he didn't say anything about your friend there, did he?" He produced a riding crop and it whooshed through the air, banging hard on the metal pole of the bar. "You don't suck my cock, big boy, and your friend here is going to taste leather like he never knew it tasted!" The idea appealed to him obviously too much.

I thought quickly. I could — possibly — take more misuse, but not Rocco. He wasn't experienced in the ways of these animals the way that Mr. Benson and my recent adventures had made me. I sank to my knees in front of his foul smelling prick, ignoring Rocco's pleas, "Don't, Jamie."

But I took it in, almost heaving at the stench rising from the unwashed crotch. "You assholes all gotta learn to suck any time you're told." Growled the keeper.

Mercifully, he pulled away his cock and shoved a plastic dish under the cell door. "And you..." He looked at Rocco,

offering his cock to my friend. "Suck it." Rocco looked, he hesitated. "Rocco, you need the food. Don't do anything foolish now."

Rocco, his tattooed ass undulating with those hard muscled flanks of his, dropped down and swallowed the unsightly dick.

The keeper was pleased with himself. "You suck cock to eat here. You don't, you don't eat, and you," he ran the tip of the crop over Rocco's quivering back, "get leather if either you or him give me any trouble." The voice went harsh again after the misleading calm of the orders: "I want no trouble from the two of you. There's been no hassle so far and I don't plan on letting there be any from now until the end of the week when I can get rid of you guys."

My mind snapped to attention. The end of the week! Then we'd be free! We watched them walk back down the row of defeated men who silently ate the thick gruel with their hands. Rocco made a face at the mess in the plate in front of him and started to throw it. "No, Rocco, something tells me we might need the energy later. Eat it."

We forced the slop down our throats. When we were done I went over to the wall and made a sound, asking for a response from the next inmate. Each cell was open only on the side facing the hall, the other three walls seemed to be made from concrete. "Hiss." I tried to get an answer. "Hiss."

"Don't, they can hear you outside." A voice finally whispered.

"I'll be quiet. How long have you been here?"

"A month. A month of hell, man. I'm scared shitless in this place, I've been fucked every which way but up every day since I been here."

"Fucked?"

"Yeah, they say they're stretching us. You'll see, later, they bring around these dildos like things and shove them up your ass. They say our new masters expect it to be easy to fuck us. Man, I'm stretched further than the Grand Canyon now. Do you know anything about what's going on?"

"Not really, just that a lot of men have been missing, and that they're all attractive."

"Well, they're here to get new 'masters'." The voice was insolent and I nearly said something, but decided this wasn't the time. "Shit, man, I've never had no 'master' at all. A month ago, I just went out and thought I'd be a good lay, ya know. So I went to a leather bar, ya know? And the next thing I know this fat Jude's hitting up on me and I think I'm going to go to nigger heaven. I go out to his van with him. And then... I wake up in this place sucking smelly cock and eating dirty assholes. Getting dilutes the size of your arm shoved up me and being told I'm going to be fuckin' sold."

They were white slaves, suddenly real zed that that must be the trip! That's why only blonds, only fair-haired guys, only the ones who were so good looking. We were going to be sold into white slaves.

"You gotta admit, though, he was beautiful."

"Fuckin' A-Right!"

A voice had come softly from across the way and made a statement that must have been obvious to our neighbor.

"Have you ever seen such a dick of life — or death — before? Biggest, prettiest cock I ever hoped to suck on."

"How did they get you here?" I broke in before their rhapsody went too far.

"This guy, he takes you into his van and he gets you all hot and undressed. Then he lets you swing on this cock of his, it's huge, just huge and pretty and you don't know what you can do with it. Well anyway," the voice from across the hall tried to recapture himself. "He talks you into letting him fuck you, right there in the back of the van. He tells you he wants you to sit on it..."

"This happened to almost all of us," my neighbor explains.

"Yeah, well," the guy across from us went on, "You get up and squat down on that big fat cock of his and you start pumping away, and just when you know he's doing to come, just at the moment when you're ready to give it your all and you're there pumping away at yourself, someone, from some where comes out of the blue and knocks you cold."

"We figured there was someone hiding up front of the van." The neighbor's voice adds.

"That's how most of us come here. Some, though, this German guy picked them up in the piers or the bushes. That's

bed. I was just glad to have welcome arms around me, comforting me after all I had been through. Rocco was more demanding as he slid up and down the long prick.

Our kisses were deep and warm after what I had been through. Their welcome comfort enveloped me, as his arms easily caressed my sore back. "Give me your cock, Jamie," he moaned, Rocco's mouth doing as much to affect him as my emotions. I smiled in acknowledgement and rose up my body to deliver my shorn dick into his hairy opening. I laid on my side, letting him have his way with my suddenly hard cock, watching his pelvis with those fabulous thigh muscles pushing it, pump into Rocco's waiting and eager face. They fucked like that for the shortest time that could be possibly said to be sufficient for anything but a trick. Then, their bodies both contracted, their stomachs tensed and Rocco's face bobbed more quickly in time with his own fist flying on his own cock. Then . . . they spasmed together, each of their loads shooting off with necessary release.

I assured them that I was fine. My half hard cock didn't need any more than their friendship now. It felt so good to curl up between the two of them with our three sets of arms around one another. We were each so different, different looking, different acting, but we were each bound together in some special kind of knowledge. We were together in our lives.

We stayed there, cuddling, for a while, listening to the other voices in the long, narrow cell room. Finally I said, "When can you activate your message?"

The model, I had finally learned his name was Rick, said, "We have to wait until we know what the whole thing's about. You see, these guys haven't just recently been disappearing. They go in waves. There's some reason, some destination, and I have to find out what and where."

"You mean, we may have to stay here and put up with that smelly fuck for a week?" Rocco was horrified.

"I'm afraid so. As much as I like you guys," he squeezed our shoulders into his own, "and as much as Mr. Benson and Brendan are going to be worried, I just can't let the whole thing go down the tubes. We have to know more about the operation."

Rocco and I moaned. The noisy door opened again at the end of the half and the dark-haired model came up the passageway. Hans trailing behind him.

"Abdul, of course you can test him. But he's such a fine specimen, you mustn't hurt him."

"I don't think I'll have to," the scented voice replied, his eyes having caught Rocco and I huddled up in Rick's arms. "Your man has already found a way."

"What?" asked Hans.

They were standing in front of us now. "There are two things, Klaus. First, he is supposed to be a bottom now, or so you say. And second, he obviously has made friends with his other Topmen slave friends. Very well," he turned sharply to Rick. "On your feet, slave. We are going to give you the thrill of your life. You are going to get to satisfy my prick." The dark haired man folded his arms over his chest and waited as Rick slowly got to his feet and went to the bars.

"Fuck you," he spit.

"Listen to me, you pale imitation of masculinity," the dark man sputtered back, "your tattooed friend is going to receive whatever punishment you or your scarred friend deserve while you're here. You had better remember that before you speak to your master that way."

Rick looked at the weakening face of Rocco who had doubled over into the corner. He needed no explanation of Rocco's weakness. He looked at me, we shared the knowledge that it was time for a real bottom to take action. The blond man sunk to his feet, "Yes, master," he barely whispered.

The moustached face smiled in victory. "Bring the three of them upstairs to my quarters, in full chains, I'll take care to make sure that this is really a bottom and not some trick being played on us."

"You want all three?" asked Hans.

"Of course, you frigid German wouldn't understand that a real man needs more than a single bottom to play with, and in this case, I need one to control with." Hans went stiff with anger, "Don't try to start anything, Herr Klaus. This is my show too, I want the three of them brought to me, now."

In another half hour, we were led out of the cell block, the jealous eyes of the other inmates followed us as we walked the hall and went through the door. When we left the original

room we found ourselves in another nondescript area, again walled with concrete. Each of our necks was joined to the other by a heavy metal chain linking a collar around our neck. Our hands were manacled behind our backs and another link of the chain went down to our ankles. The lengths of metal were so short that our steps were limited to a shuffle.

We went down a set of stairs, then up another and soon found ourselves walking into a room that was furnished luxuriously, so much a contrast to the barren spaces we had walked through. There was a non-Western air to the space, there were no pieces of regular furniture, but rather large, opulent pillows strewn across the floor. The walls were hung with rich oriental carpets. There were round brass tables placed here and there. The scene was like one thing out of *A Thousand Nights*, and it dawned on me, Abdul was Arab! I looked at Rick's puzzled face and saw a kind of recognition come over him, too.

And, at the same time we each stiffened. It became obvious to each of us — this was not a white slavery ring. This was the real thing. *This was slavery.*

Abdul sat in the midst of a large mound of pillows and sucked on a water pipe, three young, pretty — and, of course, blond young men moved around him silently and kept their eyes averted from ours.

He had changed into a native costume, the many folds of cloth seeming strange after he had just appeared in Levi's only moments ago. "You see me in my natural habitat," He smiled. His hands clapped almost soundlessly and there were sudden motions as two enormous Nubians, their ebony skin oiled to a bright glistening shine, stepped out from the shadows. Rue co's knees quivered.

"Get out," he bit off words to the jailers who had brought us here. "That one," Abdul pointed to Rocco, "put him on the horse."

There was no reason or way to even try to resist as the two giants took Rocco out of the metal restraints and led him to the corner where there was a large leather covered device. They took his yielding limbs — poor Rocco, he could never have resisted those two — and stretched him against the cor-

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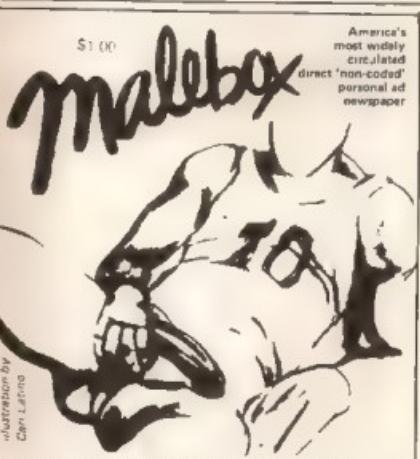


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DRUMMER 27

of the cell block door. Hans walked through, followed by the sadist and his helper, and behind them, the man who simply must have been the one the others were talking about. The model standing beside me went stiff with recognition. "Jesus Christ" escaped softly from his lips.

If the model was the perfect, living example of America's dream of a fair-haired, blond specimen, the man who strutted down the walk with Hans was its equivalent dream of dark beauty. He was wearing only a pair of levis. The eyes that lined the walk were glued to him, and I suddenly realized that even if he was what had lured them to this horrible fate, still, everyone of them thought he was still the most perfect man they had seen.

And they weren't that far from wrong. He had a flawless body, just like the model's, and it was covered by a sculptured coating of black body hair. The trail of the dark fur led down into the levis that bulged promisingly in the crotch. His white teeth were awesomely bright in contrast to the face, whose rough texture promised the presence of a thick manly beard.

The foursome stopped in front of our cell. "Well," said Hans, "I told you so."

"Yes, it certainly is him, isn't it?" The new man smiled through a bushy moustache. And then I knew. I had seen him. Of all people! The second most famous cigarette model in the country. The one sending as many people off to the shores of Turkey as my unwelcome companion sent off to the ranges of the West.

Rocco and I exchanged blank expressions. It was incredible. But it was true, here in front of us stood the two most well known male models in America. The blond cowboy and the dark exotic. They stood facing one another. The blond glared, the other smiled softly.

"This has turned out to be a very advantageous contract, Herr Klaus," the dark man said to Hans with a vaguely foreign accent. "Very advantageous indeed."

"Yes, Abdul, now you'll be able to control the whole thing yourself, won't you? You can get both contracts."

"Both." He said the words slowly. "But, how did you capture him?"

"It was quite interesting actually," Hans started to explain. "After I rounded up these two," he pointed at us, "I became intrigued. Why were they on the loose? Mr. Benson, my colleague," I grated at the way he said that, "is not one to let his slave—the one with the marks—go around free in the city. In fact, I'm sure he's been kept at home for weeks at a time. His presence at the wharf made me think that perhaps there would be something interesting to see at the clubhouse."

"I went down there to check it out. You can imagine my surprise when I found this handsome specimen bound and gagged at Mr. Benson's feet," Hans' crop came out and flicked the blond model's tit. "I had to wait to see what developed. And that was his expulsion." Hans laughed. "Mr. Benson undid the gag and loosened the restraints at one time and this one attempted to tell the famous Mr. Benson off.

"We were all quite incredulous. Even the stupid members of the club don't say to Mr. Benson what this fool said. And, of course, he was immediately thrown out. I could hardly let such a specimen go, now could I?"

They all smiled at one another. "So I followed him and lured him into my car, where Lugar," he nodded to the sadistic keeper, "was conveniently hidden in the back seat. The rest is obvious."

"You say that this one was Mr. Benson's slave?" Hans nodded in answer to the other model's question. "That's strange," he said, thoughtfully, "I always heard he was a top, himself. Now you say he was a slave."

"These Americans," Hans said, disgustedly, "They're always into their macho trip, thinking that they have to cover the true desires of their wretched souls."

Hans walked away, the rest followed quickly, but the model lingered, ever so slightly, staring into the cell at the three of us. His departure was a signal to let us all breathe a little more easily.

"What if they test you?" Rocco asked.

"Yeah, what if they try to see if you can get it up?"

"That's what Mr. Benson put me through those motions," the blond said. His tone was unconvincing.

"What do you mean?"

"Well," the model tried to regain his composure, "Mr. Benson thought that if I could fool Jamie, and make him believe I got off on being a bottom . . . well, I could fool anyone." He tried to make his explanation complete.

"And you did fool even me," I added.

"Right." The blond's answer was too quick and satisfied. He started to walk away, as though his motion would change the subject. I looked at Rocco, a smile started to unfold on his face, making me break into loud, uncontrollable guffaws that hurt my bruised back with their quick, jerky motion. It suddenly became clear to us. The epitome of American manhood swiveled around and looked at us with this blank expression on his face that was soon covered by a growing tide of red color that spread across his face and down his naked chest. "Okay, fellas, okay." He knew that we knew! The flush deepened and then, slowly a smile appeared on his own expression and he started a slight, ever so slight giggle.

"No one, but no one, could fool Jamie about being a bottom." Rocco spit the words out between the louder laughs.

"I know," the voice seemed so small for such a big man. "I know, Jesus, though I never knew, it could be like that. Kneeling and having someone standing over you." His voice was more solemn. "It was a revelation." He regained his rise & still once more. "Well, guys, let's just say that we won't have to worry about any tests. Everytime I think of Mr. Benson and the rest of the men in the club, little ole Nellie here," he lifted his flaccid tool, "just rises to attention."

We looked down to see that fabled cock slowly rise up, filling with the memories of Mr. Benson we both shared.

That might have been the only white man's cock that Rocco couldn't resist. Few could. It was molded to perfection. Its veins stood out from the shaft as the prick grew in dimension, the deep red head engorged into a perfect pom shape. Rocco's eyes started to glaze over at the sight. I remembered Mr. Benson's even more perfect penis and was content to just feel a closeness to this man who understood Mr. Benson's power. He and I embraced tightly, I'm sure he knew why. And as our arms went softly around one another, I felt the hair on the top of Rocco's head push between my legs and heard him slurping up that rigid pole.

The three of us fell back on the foam pad that passed for a

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ners where they fastened his wrists and ankles again.

"Let me be very clear," Abdul started talking again. "Your friend is in no great pain, I assure you. His position involves no stress, and his seating is better and more comfortable than your cell; however, all I need do is raise my hand," he flicked his wrist up to show us, "and he will be beaten." A loud, bestial cry came from Rocco's corner as one of the Nubians stood holding a menacing, many pronged whip that had obviously just visited Rocco's backside.

"You, you will obey every order, or he will be beaten," the wrist flicked again and Rocco's screams filled the room again to underline the point. I knew Rocco couldn't take much of this. I had to act. I strode across to where Abdul sat, dragging Rick in the clanking chains and knelt before him, the joining chain forcing a not very willing Rick down on his own knees.

"We understand, sir." My head was bowed as I spoke. I heard a muffled assent from Rick right after I had finished. He, also, must have realized Rocco's plight. I was thankful for Mr. Benson's having trained him enough to know that he should take a position of subservience right now. Not try anything foolish.

"I am very pleased," the foreign accent clipped off the words. "I want nothing more than decent, hard working slaves for my pleasure, . . . and for the market place. There is no reason to destroy that one in the corner, even if he is unfortunately marked. But you two," a long tongued fly swatter came out and brushed my head, "you two are such fine examples of Americana, that you must be held in reserve for the f\*\*k of customers."

"You may look up at me." I couldn't really see Rick's motions, but cook the absence of punishment as a sign he was going through with it.

"Most of my friends, as I, appreciate the gentle beauties of fat, hairy, younger boys." Smiling, he grabbed one of the young men who had been in the room before we arrived. The kid only had a loincloth to cover his nakedness. He was the kind of blond whose hair is unnaturally light, and whose skin bronzes with tan. His blue eyes shone out from the light brown skin. "But all of us appreciate, as well, the symbol of

training as well learned as yours is supposed to be," the fly swatter again brushed against my head. "And none would deny the satisfaction a man feels when he knows that he holds one of the very symbols of American manhood in his power," the swatter disappeared from my view, I'm sure it must have been showing Rick his special place in the universe.

Abdul turned from us and called the three young things over to him. "These new slaves have been kept in the dungeon with the animals. You must make them presentable for household work. I want each of them cleaned up and the one with scars taken care of. The one in the corner . . . ignore."

"Follow these three, they will take care of you," Abdul said, and then suddenly warned, "Do not try anything foolish, or your friend will pay." And again the wrist flicked and Rocco's scream filled the air.

Rick and I were unshackled and led behind the screen to another room, bathroom, with a huge circular tub in the center. The three men refused to talk to us, to even look in our eyes. "Rick, what does this mean? Why did he pull us out of the dungeon?"

"Just like Mr. Benson thought they would, they're testing me, seeing if I really can act like a bottom, Jamie." "There's no test, Rick. I mean, don't they know that you're doing all this for Rocco?"

No, Jamie, they're not just seeing if you and I will follow orders. They're checking out our attitude. I'm sure glad you're along, kid."

"You are?"

The three led us mutedly to the pool and into the warm, luxurious water. We didn't speak until they were again away from hearing range.

"Sure I'm glad, Jamie. I never would have been able to get even this far, I would have stayed there and just waited for orders, that's not what they want, they want a slave's attitude, like when you went and knelt, and made me follow. That was perfect, Jamie, and it probably saved our skins."

I was very thankful for all Mr. Benson's training at that moment. I sunk into the bubbling water and tried to think, how can we ever get out of this?

To Be Continued

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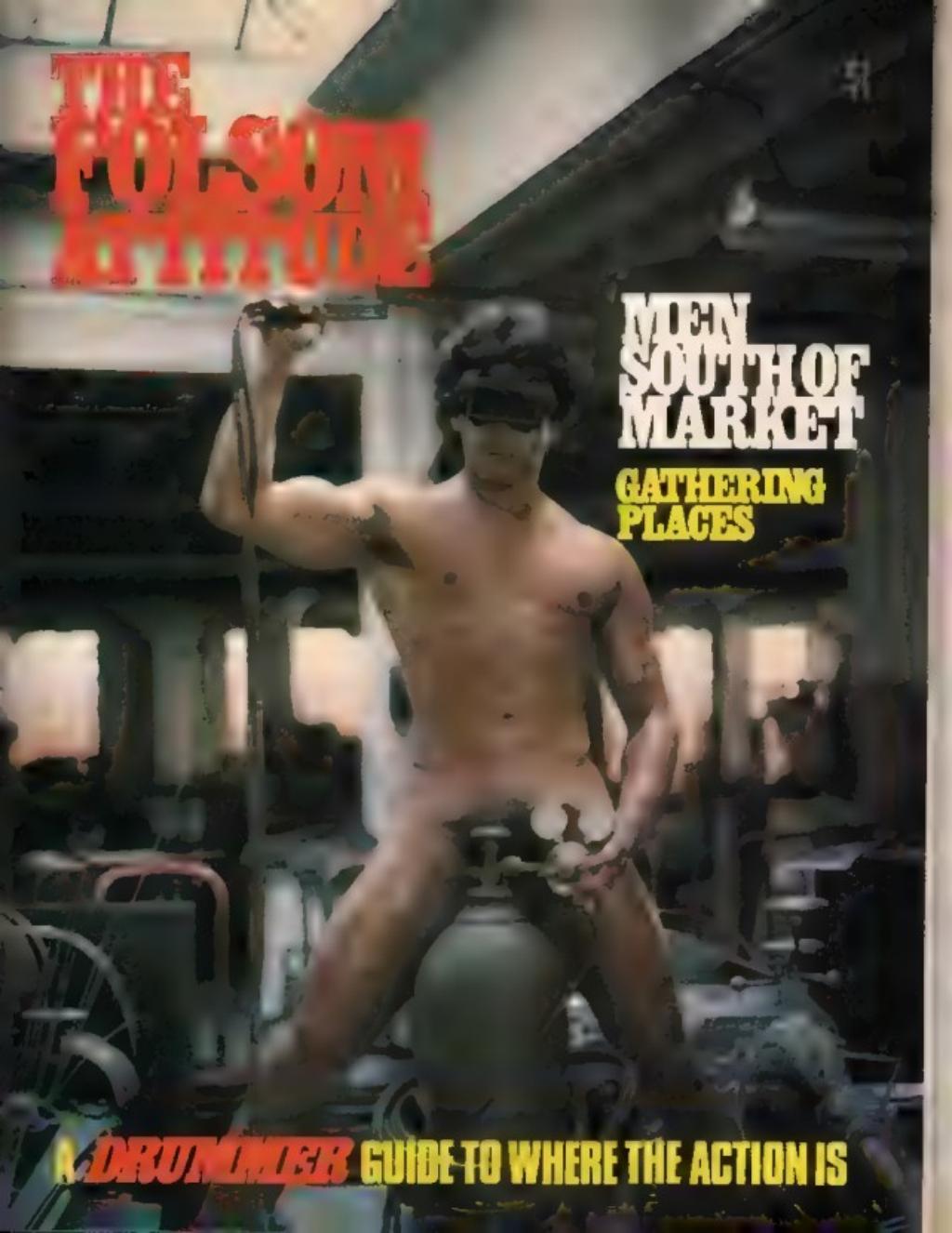
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# **THE FOLSOM STORY**

A shirtless man with a tattooed torso stands in front of a building. He is holding a long, thin object, possibly a cigarette or a small stick, in his right hand. The building behind him has a large sign that reads "THE FOLSOM STORY". The scene is set at night or in low light, with some blurred lights visible in the background.

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# DRUMSTICKS



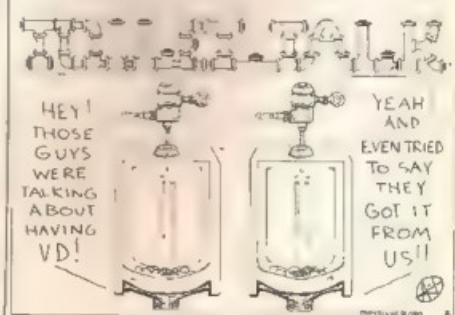
"I seem irresistably drawn to you."



"We don't like  
horse thieves here  
in Half Mile Bluff!"



"Hey, did you guys see that ad on the bulletin board  
for 'Plumber's Helper with fringe benefits'?"



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# THE FOLSOM SOUTH OF MARKET ATTITUDE

All photos in this section by JIM MOSS  
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**FOLSOM** as much a state of mind as it is a place. Also known as South of Market, it is a sprawling industrial area south of San Francisco's main street, one of the few flat places in a city of steep hills, that leathermen each evening turn into the world's capital of gay S&M. More wild, freaky and far out things happen here than anywhere else on the globe.

In appearance it is very much like New York City's SoHo section with its factories and warehouses. But at night the trucks and forklifts are replaced by motorcycles and jeeps, the blue collar workers go home and are replaced by thousands of hot and horny men in leather out for a night on the prowl. Its transformation is complete and dramatic. It is truly a neighborhood with a split personality, one by day and a very different one by night.

The vast majority of leathermen who nightly visit Folsom in search of "consensual grossness," as Time Magazine calls it, live elsewhere in the city or are visitors from out of town. A few residential buildings exist on backwater alleys, and they are mostly occupied by the leathermen who work in the gay bars and clubs. South of Market bars are not your local-corner variety, but draw their clientele of hot studs from all over the world. Although no business has a "dress code" that requires you wear leather, if you want to enjoy yourself, you should heed the old saying, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." Virtually everyone owns a pair of levis and a T-shirt — wear them — so don't come down to South of Market in a suit with a tie or a fuzzy sweater and sneakers. There is a first time for everyone ... and if you have never been to a leather bar before, make it a fun experience for you and your hosts by dressing and acting appropriately. Also, leave your fag hag girl friend behind. Many of the bars do not have a ladies room at all; and most of the private clubs bar admission to women altogether. Only the restaurants, shops and a few of the dance places encourage patronage by women. For the most part, Folsom is a men-only environment that gets too raunchy for female company.

A quick glance at the map in this section confirms why this area commands such an exhaustive treatment as we are giving it. As only one of five gay neighborhoods in San Francisco, it alone boasts more gay bars, restaurants, clubs, baths, hotels and shops than the cities of Chicago and Philadelphia combined. And the variety is indeed spicy. You can get anything you want South of Market if you are man enough to ask for it. It is also the only part of San Francisco that rocks until dawn. Because of its small residential population, it has been zoned by the city fathers for all-night businesses such as baths, afterhours sex clubs, all-night discos and 24-hour restaurants.



Are, our cover man for this issue, symbolizes South of Market's two personalities. By day, Are works in a warehouse on Folsom, as he appears on the cover. By night he dons his finest leather, above, and can be found at one of Folsom's bars or clubs.

Photographed at the Watering Hole, clothing by A Taste of Leather

If you are a first-time visitor to Folsom, the number of choices is so staggering it can be overwhelming. A good way to begin is by picking out one of the bars listed in this section, going to it and striking up a conversation with the bartender [Smart bartenders won't be so jazzed you can't talk]. All the bartenders South of Market are informal tour guides. Tell him what you are looking for and he'll gladly direct you to the right spot. Such referrals are the rule South of Market as each business is unique and satisfies a different fantasy. There is no bitchy competition among Folsom businesses. Also, there is nothing you can ask a Folsom bartender that will embarrass him; he's already heard it all, tried most of it, and probably likes it, himself.

Almost all the places are within a short walk or at most a \$2 cab ride of each other. The streets are remarkably safe at night even for a lone traveler, as there is a constant stream of traffic from one place to another. Bar hopping is a big part of the fun. Street sex is frowned upon, and there is virtually no street hustling South of Market. All the men are there because they want to be there ... and they want you there, too. So get your ass South of Market, and when that hulking, macho man in leather sidles up next to you in the bar and pinches your tit, address him as, "Sir."

**SOUTH OF  
MARKET**  
**GATHERING PLACES**

# DRUMMER



## MR. SOUTH OF MARKET PARTY

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**THE TRENCH** This establishment's special evenings have made it the most popular small bar South of Market. For example, Tuesday is "Uncut Night." If you are one of the rare ones who escaped the knife at birth, the Trench's pecker inspector will give you a button to proclaim this fact. Wearing the button on Tuesday guarantees you popularity at this bar. The bar also sells "Uncut" T shirts and tank tops which are worn proudly by this set—it pays to advertise, you know.

Monday is yellow hanky night, and is just as popular as Tuesday but with a different crowd. Thursday is red hanky night and draws its own group of faithful. Prizes are given out on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

The Trench is a full liquor service bar that opens daily at noon, making it one of the few places you can get a cocktail during the daytime. Its location also makes it the first bar you hit as you walk south from Market toward Folsom Street.

The decor is military, war surplus materials and World War Two posters covering every square inch. It is friendly and popular among the regulars South of Market.

**SPURS** Our newest neighbor on Valencia has recently had its grand opening, broadening the list of hot spots to hit in the South of Market scene. Spurs is well appointed, with a clean southwestern hacienda atmosphere. You'll find great music, pool tables & pinball as well as a large screen TV featuring major events, flicks & pix. If you want to rope yourself a cowboy, Spurs is a must on your trail. 298 Valencia at 14th Street.



#### THE ARENA

Second to no bar South of Market, The Arena is one of the most popular bars in the area. The hot throbbing music, and equally hot throbbing bartenders, have made this one of the most exciting scenes around for the leatherman who wants to get in on the action. With full liquor service, The Arena has a large front bar and a rear game room with pooltable.

The crowd is strictly leather this is no place for pussy cats or the weak of nerve. This is not to say that the place is unfriendly at all. If you want to find out what it's all about, why South of Market is what it is, this is a great place to take instructions. The staff of The Arena will be happy to pass on information as to where to go and what's on the agenda as they are very involved in the South of Market community and are always "on top" of things, so to speak.

One of the most attractive bars South of Market, The Arena is a favorite drinking spot for the staff of neighboring bars. It is an excellent place to meet the men who work and play in the area and is another "must see" for the leather man visitor to San Francisco. One of the bartenders is a former Mr America and has become a tourist attraction all by himself.



**THE AMBUSH** is unique in the world. A one-of-a-kind beer and wine bar with the most mellow atmosphere imaginable. Universally loved by all South of Market leathermen, it does a brisk business from the time it opens its doors each morning at 11:30 until it closes at 2 AM—a claim that can be made by no other bar (even those with full liquor service). A favorite hang-out of the local gay artistic community, The Ambush has mounted more art shows for gay artists than any other business (bar or otherwise) in the world. The art shows change each month and usually feature the work of a single individual. Many of the leathermen who illustrate the pages of Drummer can be found there.

The musical programming deserves special note—the "Bush" as it is known by its regulars has always been a trendsetting bar when it comes to music. Also, for those who find cigarette smoke a nuisance, special negative ion generators hanging from the ceiling keep the air relatively smoke free.

**THE HEADQUARTERS** It goes heavy 24 hours a day (no beer and wine from 2 AM to 6 AM, however). As the area's only "round the clock" leather bar, it really starts to rock after the other bars close and is one of the wildest assortments of people in the world at 6 AM—loud music, tambourines bashing away, the regulars at the Headquarters do not believe that the party ever has to end.

Hidden away in a little alley, the Headquarters has in the short time that it has been open already become an extremely popular bar South of Market. The bar has a restaurant, more about that later.

# GATHERING PLACES



**THE BRIG** is as heavy as it gets. Saturday night is a sea of black leather, the scent of cowhide hanging in the air. On two levels with full liquor service, The Brig is a favorite of German tourists as well as San Francisco's most dedicated leathermen. Always popular even before it was christened The Brig, this location has a long history and is a major part of the Folsom legend. (It was formerly The Bolt and The No Name.) Its current status in the pecking order of leather bars must place it close to the top for such places world wide. Internationally famous, it is a "must see" for anyone visiting Folsom.

Its location places it as near to the center of the action as you can get — The Brig is at ground zero. Also, Mr. S Products, about which more will be said later, maintains a small second shop (their "suburban store") inside The Brig for the convenience of its customers. The Brig invites the patronage of serious leathermen and will be happy to direct visitors to places of interest in the neighborhood. However, once you've gotten as far as The Brig, you may not want to venture any further.



**RAMROD** One of the original leather bars on Folsom Street, the Ramrod is a full liquor service bar with lots of extras to entice you in.

The Ramrod is probably most famous, however, for its movies. If you are willing to deal with standing room only in a room full of hot men, you can at no charge see some of Hollywood's finest. Showtimes are Monday and Wednesday at 9 PM; Saturday at 3 PM; and Sunday at 3 and 9 PM. At all other times, closed circuit gay video tapes will amuse and arouse you.

For the convenience of you bikers, the Ramrod also has a second closed circuit video system so you can keep your eye on your machine by remote hook-up. A camera outside is focused on the bike parking area and fed to TV monitors around the bar.

Definitely a hold-over from previous decades, however, is the boot black stand where you can get a spit shine. The boot-black, incidentally, works for tips.



**THE WATERING HOLE** starts earlier than any bar South of Market. Opening daily at 6 AM, with full liquor, it quickly fills up and stays full for the duration. A large, horseshoe shaped bar, makes for easy cruising and in one corner a big screen video projector animates the room with some of the hottest gay video you've ever seen.

Who needs to spend \$5 at the movies when there is The Watering Hole?

On Sunday evenings at 7 PM, The Watering Hole has a special chicken dinner for the bargain price of \$1.25. Also, the bar is one of the favorites of the organized bike clubs whose banners and emblems decorate the walls. For those who want to do some daytime shopping South of Market, The Watering Hole is located right between Mr. S. and A Taste of Leather and is a great place to hit for an afternoon pick-me-up, or for that matter to get picked up by one of the hot men who regularly drink here.

The bar has a rear game room with pooltable, a fire place and a rustic Western decor.

**THE ASYLUM** One of the newest bars South of Market, the Asylum has beer and wine in a relaxed atmosphere. In size, it is one of the largest bars South of Market.

Tucked away on a little ale and in the shadow of the freeway the Asylum takes some hunting to find but is worth the excursion. A second story restaurant features home cooking with a soul food flavor. It is perfect for lunch or dinner before hitting the bars and clubs. Brunch is served on weekends.



# SOUTH OF MARKET MUSIC

DREAM, DREAMER, INC. membership clubs that house THE SWUD, the oldest dance bar in San Francisco, THE DREAM, the most advanced New Wave and Rock/matic program in the West by the most famous DJ in California, and THE ENDUP has the most beautiful city competing for members in beauty contests.

South of Market is the center of New Wave and Rock & Roll. As you walk down the street, you'll hear the wildest rock music drifting out of industrial spaces where all the city's bands rehearse. Again, the small residential population makes this the only part of town where a band can really cut loose during practice and let every decible hang out without deafening the neighbors. Punk Rockers, dressed in full feather with purple and green hair, are often seen in the leather bars as many of them are gay and into the S&M scene. As a helpful hint, punkers with purple hair are quick to react to insults about their appearance with violence. They are definitely not pussycats. So watch your mouth!

**TROCADERO TRANSFER** San Francisco's first membership disco to go after hours, the Troc continues to rock. Dick Collier's incredible club has created a veritable legend with its parties, award winning floats in the Gay Day parade and a high level of participation with the gay community.

There is always something new and exciting coming out of the Trocadero Transfer. Just to list the performers who have entertained from the stage would fill an entire page of the magazine. The likes of Grace Jones, Sylvester, Thelma Houston, Destination, Bob McGilpin, Natalie Cole, and Patti Brooks. Many songs that have gone on to become gold record hits were played for a dancing audience for the first time at Trocadero Transfer. Some sort of delightful surprise awaits you any evening you visit.

As a membership club, you can gain admission if you are a tourist by showing an out of town ID.

But the main thing at a disco is the music, and the Trocadero Transfer is proud that its DJ Bobby Viteritti won the highly coveted *DJ of the Nation* from Billboard Magazine the country's leading music publication.

Trocadero Transfer will soon be offering a full liquor service bar.

**Top:** The White Party at Trocadero Transfer is an annual event that has turned into something of a social occasion. Right: the dance floor at Trocadero Transfer which vibrates with the base beat of the music.



# GATHERING PLACES

## MUSIC



**STUD** Always way ahead of everyone else when it comes to musical trends, The Stud's Monday night New Wave is a phenomenon that boogies the mind. It is the busiest night of the week at a very busy bar. Be prepared to have to stand in line on a Monday! The inspiration behind Monday New Wave is Larry LaRue, the most famous DJ on the West Coast. He has recently been written up in *Billboard*, *New West*, *The Bay Guardian* and many other music and entertainment magazines. The New Wave mixture has caused the Stud to become the neighborhood melting pot. On any given night you'll see men in leather, punks with pink hair and even women. But the mix works fabulously and The Stud remains one of the dominant dance bars in a city famous for its discos and clubs. The Stud's high success by being the first disco in the West to incorporate Rock and Roll and New Wave music into a dance format has resulted in it being highly imitated already. But there is no substitute for the original concept and they've got it down pat. The Stud offers full liquor and the largest rectangle bar on Folsom. No cover ever, but have ID.



**THE ENDUP** Very popular with a clean-cut and younger crowd, the Endup is one of the four places you can dance South of Market. A large complex of rooms, it has a fabulous patio with a fire pit that is a great place to escape the music and cool off on warm summer evenings.

On alternate Sundays, the Endup sponsors rock strap dance contests with cash prizes that brings out some of the hottest young men you have ever seen. When they get up on the stage and do their thing, the audience just goes wild. The natives can get restless South of Market.

Another special plus for the Endup is that it opens at 6 AM on Saturday and Sunday mornings. When the after hours dance clubs in the neighborhood close, the hearty who don't want the party to end come to dance at the Endup. It is something to experience - wild disco dancing with hundreds of people on the floor, as the sun rises over the city.

**Below** Larry LaRue, the new wave DJ from The Stud, was the first person to incorporate Rock and Roll and advanced new wave rock into a successful disco format. For this, he has become the most publicized DJ in the West.



**DREAMLAND** The largest disco in San Francisco is South of Market. Dreamland is a favorite among the macho males who like to dance there are more muscles on the dance floor on a Saturday Night than you'll find at a Mr Universe contest. And they love to show them, too, as most strip to the waist. Dreamland is a membership club (\$55 a year). Non-members are admitted, but you do have to pay at the door and it is on a space available basis.

Dreamland features one of the finest sound systems anywhere. Built by Graeham Sound of NYC (which also did Trocadero Transfer's system) it is a true pleasure to listen to - no distortion even at very high volume.

Parties are a real treat here, and in the short time they have been open, they have demonstrated a talent for the special events. One of the things that makes Dreamland particularly exciting is that it is open after hours. Dance 'till dawn'!

One of the performers you are likely to see at Dreamland is Sylvester, who makes his home in San Francisco. Sylvester got his start on Folsom at The Stud and often performs at special parties at Dreamland and Trocadero Transfer. There is nothing second rate about entertainment South of Market.



# GATHERING PLACES BATHS

Some of the encounter establishments South of Market offer mind-boggling fantasy rooms complete with stockades, slings, mirrors, operating room tables, assorted gadgets and devices designed to fulfill the most esoteric of tastes. If you have a fantasy, no matter how wild or unusual, one of the clubs has a special spot for you. No place caters to a wide variety of trips, each having specialized; so it is best to call ahead. If you arrive early, most of the clubs will give you a quick tour so you can pick out your room, stall or bathtub for the evening.

Membership is required by law for such establishments as they are not open to the general public; however, the fee is often nominal. With some clubs, "visitor memberships" of short duration are available at a significant discount. All remain open after 2 AM, bar closing time in San Francisco, and many will allow you to remain in alcohol. So when you hear last call, get a six pack of Bud to go and head for one of the encounter places. Who said the party has to stop?



Photographed by Guy Cory at the Club Baths San Francisco.

**SUTRO BATHHOUSE** Easily one of the most unusual places in the world, the Sutro Bathhouse is a co-ed establishment — that's right, naked women in the showers with men! A private membership club, the Sutro is popular with South of Market's bi-sexual and lesbian community as well as a number of gays who have a sense of adventure and a vision of what the sexual future will be.

Each night of the week has a different program, as follows. Sunday, women only; Monday, co-ed, women members free; Tuesday, bisexual night; Wednesday, Couples only, women members free; Thursday, co-ed, women members free; Friday, Hot and Nasty Night; Saturday, couples only, women members free.

About a third of the clientele of the Sutro is female, the other two thirds being straight, bi and gay men of about equal proportions. For the gay man who digs getting it on with a 'straight' man, this place is paradise. Also, group scenes of mixed sexes are common and a turn on to many gay men.

The facility is fabulous. A huge skylight slides back during the day for nude sunbathing, and closes at night to create a covered dance floor. Big screen TV and a coffee shop as well as professional masseurs and other special trips make this place the nation's finest and most far out exponent of sexual freedom and innovation. Not for everyone, but definitely something special for the right person.



FOLSOM



# A TASTE OF LEATHER

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# GATHERING PLACES



Dave Starnes Photo

## THE CORN HOLE

Corn Hole is a place after the bars close, rear buildings separate spaciousness and vastings. The members admission. You can stamp when leaving.

Centrally located in clubs) a great place to play of your own,

**GLORY HOLES BALLROOM:** The city's newest club serving the South of Market man. Special effort has been made to attract the leatherman into S&M the owners have created jail cells, slings and other unusual spots. On a ground floor plus the biggest basement in town, there is one unforgettable spot that is directly under the sidewalk. Here, you can do it while you hear people walking down Sixth Street and see the vague images through opaque glass set into the sidewalk also a wild trip.



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Please enter my Charter Membership in the Leather Fraternity including my one year subscription to Drummer, 12 free ads, all the LF benefits and admission to the Drummer Club in San Francisco. I have enclosed my one year fee \$50. I am over 21 years of age.

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## FOOD & FUN

Eating out South of Market can be an unforgettable experience; often, you, yourself, end up being the dessert. The choices of where to eat presents the hungry leatherman with a wide selection. For a quick meal, many of the bars and clubs maintain second floor coffeeshops. Free buffets and special parties with food are not uncommon. Among the regular eating establishments, prices range from the least expensive in the city to full-scale, multi-course dinners. The atmosphere is as widely varied as the prices — from classical railroad diners to crystal elegance.

All the places serving food South of Market offer at least beer and wine and many have full-liquor bars. Some are open during the daytime only, others at night, and some never close at all. The establishments listed here are gay and welcome leathermen. The food establishments are often integrated serving men and women. Only a few are exclusively male clients.

**THE AMBUSH UPSTAIRS** A true serendipity occurs when one discovers the upstairs coffee shop at the Ambush. Inexpensive sandwiches, soups and salads as well as pastries from Just Desserts served in a masculine atmosphere. Located directly above one of the most popular bars in the city, the coffee shop is a quiet oasis where you can have a cup of coffee and conversation. A perfect place to get to know more about the man you just met downstairs.

The Ambush often throws special parties that the coffee shop caters. These are always as delightful to the eye as they are to the palate.

Above and Left: Valentine's Day was the occasion for these photos taken at the Ambush. A hot man wrapped in Saran Wrap was the centerpiece of the buffet served up to hundreds of hungry men.

# FOOD & FUN



**LITTLE MICHELLE'S** South of Market's newest and largest restaurant is under construction as we go to press and due to open just as the magazine comes out. This will be a fabulous addition to the many places to eat that the leatherman can choose from in Folsom. We were especially impressed by the huge skylight that runs the full length of the dining area giving an outdoor patio feeling.

The restaurant will feature Vietnamese and French cooking in the most authentic style. There will be espresso and other Italian coffees for those who want to spend a lazy afternoon with a friend sipping coffee and wine. First-time visitors are due for a delightful surprise. Primo



**BROWN'S PUB** Another new restaurant that is on the verge of opening its doors to the public just as we go to press. We toured its interior and were highly impressed. Decorated with Victorian funk, it is a fabulously decadent atmosphere that is sure to be popular with the European tourists that occupy the hotel upstairs.

Among the unique features of this restaurant are two smaller dining rooms off the main eating area. One is for couples only and has tables for two in a charming nook. The other is a private dining room with elegant china settings, crystal and all the trimmings for that very special party or evening got a birthday coming?



**THE HEADQUARTERS** This place is as much a restaurant as it's a bar. Featuring as fine a pizza as you will find in San Francisco at prices that make it one of the best bargains going. The Headquarters is perfect for that quick, inexpensive meal or snack. Also, food is served 24 hours a day — making it a unique meeting place South of Market. All baking is done on the premises, including the bread, rolls, cookies and, of course, the pizza. Beer and wine is served until 2 AM daily, then soft drinks and coffee until 6 AM. Sunday brunch with Champagne is one of the best deals in town at \$4.



  
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A LIBERATING EXPERIENCE

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**CANARY ISLAND** South of Market's gay corner. This place is a classic - a traditional restaurant converted into a coffee shop. Open from early morning 'til late in the evening. Canary Island is a favorite of the locals. With only 17 seats inside, Canary Island has a large patio that is very crusty during the day time.

This is where the staff of many of the local bars and clubs eat; so if you want to rub elbows with the boys from The Ambush and The Arena, which are right next door, head for here.

Very popular for Sunday Brunch, Canary Island also has daily dinner specials including soup, salad and main course for under \$5. This place does not think of itself as tourist oriented. It is the authentic South of Market hangout for the local residents. Beer and Wine are served. A perfect place to eat for those who are on a limited budget.

Service is prompt and friendly. And for those who just want a cup of coffee, there's always a stack of magazines and daily newspapers to read and pass the hours.



**ALVIN'S** If any of our South of Market bars typifies the broad diversity of men who frequent the area, Alvin's does. Located in an area where the rich Financial District meets the Folsom, you'll find both sharp young executive types and hunky western and Levi men. Alvin's has recently celebrated their second anniversary as a relaxing, refreshing and friendly place to have a drink in the afternoon, or anytime. Alvin's is a favorite luncheon spot, too. They feature sandwiches, a hot daily special, and their lunch special will knock your socks off. Alvin's is moderately priced and reservations are suggested. Between the great music, imaginative luncheons, and hot menu - Alvin's has something for everyone. 83 First Street near Market.

## SUPERIOR GEAR AND TERRIFIC TOYS.. SURE TO PLEASE.. PRICES AND SINCERE SERVICE!



Waiting for Folsom's two new restaurant and bars to open, Brown's Pub and Little Michella's, cover man from issue No. 35 patiently sips a cool one.

# FOOD & FUN



the 24 hours a day...  
**HEADQUARTERS**



**SAN FRANCISCO**  
683 CLEMENTINA STREET  
521-HEAD



**THE ASYLUM** This bar has a second floor restaurant that it calls a "devinely decadent steak house." Southern style cooking is guaranteed to please the fan of soul food. The Asylum serves lunch daily, brunch on Sundays and dinner nightly. The service is prompt and friendly — no reservations are needed. And when you have finished your meal, you are only a staircase away from the largest beer and wine bar South of Market.

**THE FICKLE FOX** For the romanticist who relishes an elegant atmosphere with a French country setting, the Fickle Fox is for you. It is where the leatherman can enjoy a candlelit dinner accented by a charming display of accoutrements, low ceilings and mirrors. Adjacent to the South of Market area on Valencia, the Fickle Fox offers a variety of dishes ranging from lamb and veal specialties, to steaks, chicken and seafood. In addition to the entrees, two mighty specials are featured, served with both soup and salad. Dinner is served nightly from 6 PM., Saturday lunch from 11:30 AM and a special Sunday Brunch from 11 AM. 842 Valencia between 19th and 20th Street.

6TH

5TH

4TH

3RD

2ND

1ST

# MISSION

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FOLSOM

HARRISON

BRYANT

BRANNAN

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● LITTLE MICHELLE'S. 64 Rausch Street

## HOTELS

● ANXIOUS ARMS 964 Howard Street

● BROWN'S 1190 Folsom Street

● BUNK HOUSE 38 Washburn Street

● ELDORADO HOTEL 150 Ninth Street

## R&R

● BOOT CAMP\* 1010 Bryant Street

● CLUB BATHS SAN FRANCISCO. 330 Ritch Street

● CORN HOLES. Folsom near 9th Street

● FOLSOM STREET WAREHOUSE THEATRE. 280 Seventh

● GLORY HOLES BALLROOM. 224 Sixth Street

● HANDBALL EXPRESS 975 Harrison Street

● HOT HOUSE 376 Fifth Street

● SLOT 979 Folsom Street

SOUTH OF MARKET CLUB 225 Sixth Street

SUTRO BATHHOUSE: 1015 Folsom Street

## SHOPS

● AMBUSH SHOP\* 1531 Harrison Street

● BECKNELL & HAMPTON. 1415 Folsom Street

● CAKE GALLERY. 290 Ninth Street

● FOLSOM STREET MAN 1258 Folsom Street

● LABYRIS AUTO REPAIR 240 Sixth Street

● MR S PRODUCTS\* 227 Seventh Street

● TASTE OF LEATHER\* 960 Folsom Street

● TAYLOR OF SAN FRANCISCO\* 768 Clementina Street

● WORN OUT WEST 1150 Howard Street

\*DRUMMER sold at these locations

● Outside of Map Area

# DRUNKEN SF

MAP AND GUIDE TO SAN FRANCISCO'S SOUTH OF MARKET



## BARS

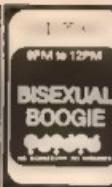
- Ⓐ ALVIN'S 83 First Street
- Ⓑ AMBUSH 1351 Harrison Street
- Ⓒ ARENA 399 Ninth Street
- Ⓓ ASYLUM\* Eighth Street and Bryant
- Ⓔ BRIG\* 1347 Folsom Street
- Ⓕ BROWN'S PUB 1190 Folsom Street
- Ⓖ COCKRING Sixth Street near Folsom
- Ⓗ DREAMLAND 715 Harrison Street
- Ⓘ END UP Sixth Street and Harrison
- Ⓛ FEBE'S\*: Eleventh Street and Folsom
- Ⓜ FICKLE FOX 842 Valencia Street
- Ⓝ 527 CLUB 527 Bryant Street
- Ⓣ GOLDEN RIVET 150 Ninth Street
- Ⓛ HAMBURGER MARY'S 1582 Folsom Street
- Ⓜ HEADQUARTERS\* 683 Clementina Street
- Ⓣ LITTLE MICHELLE'S 64 Rausch Street

- Ⓐ RAMROD\* 1225 Folsom Street
- Ⓑ SPURS: 298 Valencia Street
- Ⓒ STUD 1535 Folsom Street
- Ⓓ TRENCH\*: 164 Eighth Street
- Ⓔ TROCADERO TRANSFER 520 Fourth Street
- Ⓕ WATERING HOLE: Sixth Street and Folsom

## FOOD

- Ⓐ ALVIN'S. 83 First Street
- Ⓑ AMBUSH UPSTAIRS: 1351 Harrison
- Ⓒ ASYLUM UPSTAIRS\* Eighth Street and Bryant
- Ⓓ BROWN'S PUB. 1190 Folsom Street
- Ⓔ CANARY ISLAND 1270 Harrison Street
- Ⓜ FICKLE FOX. 842 Valencia Street
- Ⓝ 527 CLUB 527 Bryant Street
- Ⓣ HAMBURGER MARY'S 1582 Folsom Street
- Ⓜ HEADQUARTERS 683 Clementina Street

# CONSENTING ADULTS.



SUTRO BATH HOUSE  
1015 FOLSOM

(415) 526-9444

OPEN 24 HOURS A DAY

WOMEN and COUPLES -  $\frac{1}{2}$  PRICE MEMBERSHIP (with this ad)

# Sweat It Out...

Club San Francisco  
330 Ritch St. - (415) 392-3582





**1369 FOLSOM STREET CLUB**  
Is the CORNHOLES SAN FRANCISCO

BETWEEN 5TH AND 16TH STREETS • 352-6233  
CASH • MONDAY THRU SUNDAY 8PM TO 2AM  
BUYING SATURDAYS 10PM TO 2AM  
OPEN 24 HRS

# CORPHOLES

**HAMBURGER MARY'S** An institution. Mary's is the most successful restaurant and bar business South of Market. Its fame is worldwide, so it is not uncommon to see limos parked outside and society women in minks eating next to leather men. The original "funk city" in decor, it has been highly imitated but never equaled. Mary's is really something to see.

Billing itself as an "organic grill" the sandwiches and salads and homemade soups are on a colossal scale. Go hungry.

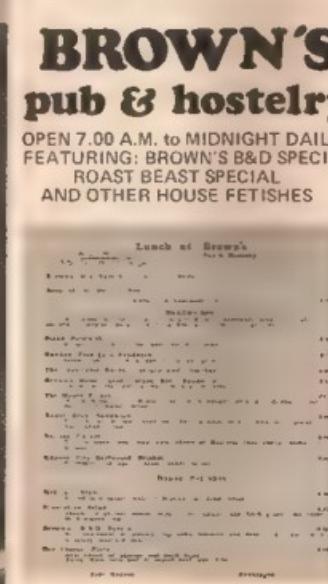
The bar is in the second dining room and specializes in tropical drinks such as pina coladas and fresh banana daiquiris made in a blender. Expect to have to wait a few minutes at the bar for a table at almost anytime of the day or night as the restaurant does not accept reservations.

Hamburger Mary's has been serving the gay community for 8 years, longer than any other gay restaurant South of Market. Its tremendous success is its best recommendation. A definite "must see" for any visitor to Folsom.

Food orders are accepted from 10 AM 'til closing at 2 AM.

## **BROWN'S** pub & hostelry.

**OPEN 7.00 A.M. to MIDNIGHT DAILY  
FEATURING: BROWN'S B&D SPECIAL  
ROAST BEAST SPECIAL  
AND OTHER HOUSE FETISHES**



1188 FOLSOM STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO 94103  
415-864-9141



The Stud, for 14 years San Francisco's leading dance bar, features advanced music programming, including disco, new wave and good old rock and roll. — 1520 Folsom Street, San Francisco.



#### LEATHER TECHNOLOGY.

**THE CHAPS** Engineered for the look and fit you demand. The cycle weight cow hide worked by precision conscious craftsmen. \$160.00

**THE VESTS:** A classic western cut. We supply the style and fit; you supply the body. \$55.00

**THE NEW CATALOG:** Now available, featuring artwork by Gayhoff. By mail or stop by and see us. \$3.00

**MR. S. PRODUCTS**  
227 Seventh Street  
San Francisco, CA 94103  
(415) 863-7764

**HOURS:** 10:30 - 6:00 Mon - Fri  
11:00 - 5:00 Saturdays

D R - M M R 53

# SOUTH OF MARKET R&R

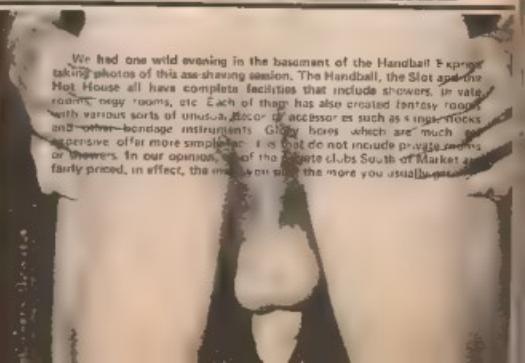


THE HANDBALL EXPRESS

Definitely not your typical bath house, The Handball Express is dedicated to rough and ready action in the style of the old Barracks. This private club comfortably holds about 250 men in its four stories. Besides private rooms, it has several public areas, including a bunkroom. Attitude is what makes this place the favorite playground of hot San Francisco locals and international visitors. This is strictly get-down orientated, and the reputation the Handball has among visitors stretches around the world.

Special facilities include several sling rooms, a watersports complex with an old victorian bathtub (separated from the public areas only by jail bars), a complete tack room for cowboys hosting saddles and bridles, and sinister B&D rooms. The building also has a walled deck on the roof for fucking under the stars.

DR JAMES R. 52



We had one wild evening in the basement of the Handball Express taking photos of this ass-shaving session. The Handball, the Slot and the Hot House all have complete facilities that include showers, irate rooms, peggy rooms, etc. Each of them has also created fantasy rooms with various sorts of unusual decor or accessories such as singing stocks and other bondage instruments. Gaggy holes which are much more expensive offer more simple pleasure than do not include private rooms or showers. In our opinion, all of the upscale clubs South of Market are fairly priced, in effect, the more you pay the more you usually get.



**CLUB BATHS** San Francisco: Located South of Market, this is the city's most lavish bathhouse. Part of the Club Baths Chain, it is the flagship of the corporation. It has everything you could possibly want: steam, sauna, snack bar, gym, jacuzzi, IV...

Decorated in a modern motif, it is clean, safe and fairly priced. Membership is required; however, your card is accepted at Club Baths across the nation and in Canada. A good investment.

For visitors to San Francisco, the Club Baths is the slickest and most popular such place around. I highly recommend it. You will not be disappointed. As a helpful hint, we are talking about the Club Baths San Francisco, located on Ritch Street — do not be confused by an establishment operating elsewhere in the city under a similar name.



# THE END UP

A SOUTH OF MARKET TRADITION  
SINCE 1973



## JOCKSTRAP DANCE CONTEST ALTERNATE SUNDAYS

**OPEN AT 6:00 AM  
EVERY SATURDAY AND SUNDAY**

End Up Hours: Mon-Fri, 3:00 p.m.-2:00 a.m.; Sat-Sun, 6:00 a.m.-2:00 a.m.

**6TH & HARRISON, SF**

# FICKLE FOX

## 842 VALENCIA

SAN FRANCISCO

### DINNERS

Nightly from 6:00 PM

### SATURDAY LUNCH

11:30 AM to 3:00 PM

### SUNDAY BRUNCH

11:00 AM to 3:30 PM



Reservations Suggested: 826 3373

PIANO BAR NIGHTLY

# ASYLUM

## bar & restaurant



Lunch served Tuesday — Friday, 11 AM to 2 PM

Dinner served nightly, 5:30 to 10 PM

Closed Mondays.

BRUNCH Sundays, 11 AM to 3:30 PM

Steak and Eggs: \$4.95, Steak Dinner, \$4.95

Leather Levis (Tux & sequins optional)

12 Decatur Street S.F. 415/621-0772

# R&R

The boys at the Boot Camp, one of South of Market's most active clubs, know how to have a good time. This photo was taken in the little rear building which features a bathtub for showers and refreshments recycled for the thirsty. Other trips take place in rooms designed to fulfill your fantasy. Variety is very spicy South of Market. Highly recommended are the special parties. Wear a yellow hanky.



THE BOOT CAMP For many years this was one of South of Market's most popular leather bars. It has since converted to a private membership club that is one of the delights of the Folsom area after hours. Two floors of fun plus a rear building make this one of the most unusual recreational establishments in the world.

An annual membership is five dollars and gets you in the first time; thereafter, it's two dollars each visit. You have in-and-out privileges at all times in case you want to bar hop during the evening.

# SHOPS



**MR. S PRODUCTS:** Specializing in high-quality leather goods in the "British-American tradition," Mr. S offers the leatherman some of the best custom-made leather chaps, pants and accessories to be found anywhere. All of the work is done right there; the craftsmanship is excellent and the fitting is perfect.

Mr. S also carries magazine, toys, slings and other merchandise that the leatherman wants and needs. Also, Mr. S maintains a small, second store inside the Brig bar which is open in the evening. There you can buy toys, magazines and other items. Mr. S has a large catalog for those who want to shop via the mail. Orders are promptly filled.



**THE AMBUSH LEATHER SHOP:** On the second floor of the very popular bar, the Ambush shop sells custom leather clothing made in the third floor work rooms. The shop also sells cigarettes, papers, magazines, head items, toys, gum, etc. The store opens at 11:30 AM and closes at 2 AM, 7 days a week. This is one of the more fun places to do your shopping because of the bar downstairs and the restaurant on the same floor as the leather shop. One of the things you'll be sure to want is an Ambush T-shirt, about the most popular shirt South of Market. Also, original art is exhibited and for sale throughout the entire complex.

LEATHER

FOREVER

CATALOGUE  
NUMBER  
FIVE

# LEATHER FOREVER



Send \$3 plus postage and handling to either address

Catalogue includes B&D equipment

1732 Polk St San Francisco, California 94109 (415) 885 5773  
3589 17th St San Francisco, California 94114 (415) 626 8041

A major credit card accepted

# UPSTAIRS





Slipping South of Market has become a much more interesting experience in just the last year. Along with the well established leather shops, including the largest in the world, there are now a number of clothing stores and other establishments that cater to the leather crowd. They offer a wide selection of merchandise, both new and used. Also, the profusion of stores has created a healthy, competitive spirit. Bargains are to be found as well as unique items of special interest to leathermen.

Custom made leather clothes and accessories are available at a number of these shops, each with its own particular designs, all made on the premises. Also, many of the stores have mail-order catalogs and do a brisk business with men who visit the store once while visiting San Francisco and then shop through the mail when they return home. Many of these items are unavalable anywhere but Folsom; and no leatherman can consider his trip South of Market complete without having toured them all. This is a good daytime activity as most of the stores open about noon, daily, including weekends.

**A TASTE OF LEATHER:** Unquestionably the world's largest gay department store. It is just one room after another, each with its own flavor, filled with merchandise. More things of interest to the leatherman than we could begin to list, the store has a bookshop, special rooms devoted to toys, clothing, leather goods, shoes and boots, and on and on.

Began as the tiniest, closet-size shop off the toilets at Febe's bar over fourteen years ago. Nick the owner still personally maintains this humble beginning each evening, himself. Keeping close contact with his customers even though he now has a virtual leather empire has been the key to Nick's success.

No trip to South of Market is complete without a visit to A Taste of Leather. And while you're there, get one of Nick's catalogs (\$3) so you can shop by mailorder.





**FOLSOM STREET MAN** The first store you see on the Folsom Street Man is located now around South of Market and the neighborhood has responded very positively. As the #1 male clothing store away you will find an outlet in the city. It sells pants, shirts, coats, ties and other clothing items, all of a casual style. This store has a beautiful rear garden that connects to one of the more popular coffee shops South of Market. Shopping is a real treat and can easily be combined with lunch or dessert.

Below: leatherman gets measured for a new pair of pants at Taylor of San Francisco. Left: the well dressed man South of Market sports boots. Levi's caps, vest and arm band from Taylor.



BECNEL HAMPTON LAMPS  
1415 FOLSOM, SAN FRANCISCO 94103  
4 1 5 8 6 3 - 8 2 8 9

## COUPON



**TWO BUCK F--- NIGHT**  
**MONDAYS 4 PM - 12 PM**

**LOCKERS \$2.00 ROOMS \$4.00**

**EXPIRES**  
**NO MEMBERSHIP REQUIRED**  
**CLIP and USE**



A New Bar for Men.

**SPURS**

1258 Folsom St.  
San Francisco, CA  
415/552-5667

# The Folsom Street Man

1258 FOLSOM ST.  
SAN FRANCISCO

(415) 552-5667

HOURS: Monday thru Saturday  
Noon to 5:00 p.m.

A complete line of men's casual clothing -  
including Levi button jeans,  
quality motorcycle and bomber jackets.  
**TOP QUALITY - REASONABLE PRICES**



...in San Francisco, is a leather goods store that runs parallel with Folsom. The daytime store is in the back of the Ramrod bar. Taylor sells custom leather goods, and has a complete line of fine men's chandlery and goods for the leatherman. His specialty, for which he has been quite famous and is well-acknowledged expert in San Francisco, is leather... leather belts, your tie, leather cock, your leather... If you're going to do it, you might as well do it decently and correctly. We don't just our leather... As you would expect, he has a lot of things and leather only.

# SHOPS



**WORN OUT WEST** The neighborhood's newest store serving the eatherman Worn Out West sells used and abused clothing. This is the pig bargain center for the man South of Market. A pair of perfectly faded levis can be had for as little as \$6. Fabulous shirts for even less. Used jock straps are very popular.

San Francisco is Worn Out West's second store, the first is in Los Angeles. Among the many things that will fulfill your fantasy are fireman's work clothes and other fetish items for those who are into uniforms and masculine costumes. Worn Out West has been an instant success and is a real asset to the neighborhood. Welcome



# NEW GLORY HOLE BALL ROOM

224 SIXTH STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO  
(Dinner Johnson)

Terry Photo



For Leather  
Dinner In  
San Francisco  
14 PM 11.6 AM

## FIND YOUR LIMIT



### HANDBALL EXPRESS

975 HARRISON ST.,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94107

Reservations  
Recommended  
(415) 543-5263

FFA UNIFORMS DISCIPLINE BASKETBALL WESTERN

#### SPECIAL DRUMMER COUPON

GOOD FOR 1/2 PRICE REDUCTION FOR  
NEW OR RENEWAL OF  
SIX MONTH MEMBERSHIP

HANDBALL EXPRESS  
975 HARRISON - SAN FRANCISCO 94107  
(415) 543-5263

WATER SPORTS

JOCK STRAPS

Vive la difference!

french,  
american  
and vietnamese  
cuisine



Serving full-course meals  
Sandwiches, omelets, desserts, Italian espresso coffees

Fine imported and domestic wine and beer  
Open daily at 11 AM for lunch and dinner  
64 Rausch Street (between 7th & 8th Streets, Folsom & Howard) 552-7677  
International fare in the fine San Francisco tradition

Sunday Brunch  
Served 11 AM until 5 PM

# WORN OUT WEST

USED AND ABUSED CLOTHING TO FIT YOUR TRIP



1158 Howard Street • San Francisco • Cal. 94103

ALSO LOCATIONS IN HOLLYWOOD & LONG BEACH CAL.

In San Francisco

# The Hotel El Dorado

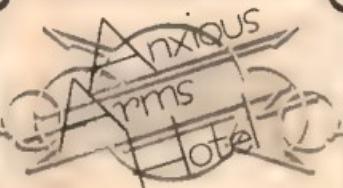
A Hotel in The Tradition of  
The European Pensione

Open since 1905, El Dorado Apartments are San Francisco's newest pensione - stay at this completely restored Hotel El Dorado. We offer easy access to the Dow Jones, the California Stock Exchange, and the San Francisco Art Institute. Call or write for reservations.

a warm European atmosphere. Fresh coffee is served until 11:00 a.m. Our musical acts include a traditional brass band, a harmonica group, and a jazz band. Parking is available. Treat yourself to the Hotel El Dorado. Call or write for reservations.

Rates begin at \$19.50

150 Ninth Street, San Francisco, CA 94103 • (415) 552-4660



SINGLE \$12.00  
DOUBLE \$20.00

964 Howard Street  
between 5th & 6th  
San Francisco  
(415) 546-7699

includes continental breakfast  
telephone message service  
parking available  
inquire about our many other services

## SOUTH OF MARKET SHOPS

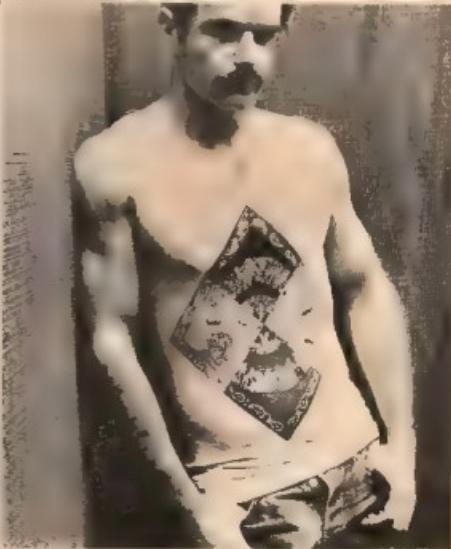


**BECNELL/HAMPTON LAMPS** Specializing in elegant brass floor and desk lamps, this store is the first retail outlet of two very successful wholesalers with offices at the Ice House and Showplace. Here is an opportunity to buy very high-line lighting fixtures directly from the source. This of course makes shopping somewhat less expensive.

Becnall/Hampton also has a full line of Oriental ginger jar lamps and natural and lacquered basket lamps. Many of the lamps are custom made and unique to the shop.

The backroom workshop offers wiring, rewiring and lamp repairs. The workmanship is far beyond the "fix-it" shop level.

This shop is a forerunner of the small group of galleries and retail shops that are beginning to dot the neighborhood. The owners are part of a group of businessmen that are familiar faces at the leather bars at night.



The Mandarina T-Shirt, a South of Market original, has become one of the area's most popular pieces of clothing: next to the regulation jock strap. It is available in almost all the South of Market leather and clothing stores.

# THE CAKE GALLERY

"WHERE BEAUTIFUL CAKES BEGIN"



THE CAKE GALLERY

290 9th STREET

SAN FRANCISCO  
D AI 861-CAKE

X-RATED  
CAKES



CAHART ISLAND DINER

The most outrageous  
South of Market Diner!

Weekdays 7 AM to 11 PM

Weekends 10 AM to 11 PM

1270 Harrison St.  
San Francisco, CA 94109  
(415) 431-4666

**RAMROD**

1-800-252-9605



HOT F. MEN

LABYRIS  
AUTO REPAIR  
COMPLETE SERVICE  
ON ALL VEHICLES  
IN SAN FRANCISCO  
ON ALL FOREIGN & DOMESTIC CARS  
ALL WORK GUARANTEED  
240-6<sup>th</sup> ST./HARRISON/SF/861-8668

LABYRIS  
AUTO REPAIR  
COMPLETE SERVICE  
ON ALL VEHICLES  
IN SAN FRANCISCO  
ON ALL FOREIGN & DOMESTIC CARS  
ALL WORK GUARANTEED  
240-6<sup>th</sup> ST./HARRISON/SF/861-8668

FOLSOM ST.  
WAREHOUSE  
THEATRE  
280-7<sup>th</sup> St.  
"Theater as  
community  
ritual!"

Robert  
Chesley  
Betty Crutcher



"There are many leathershops in this country. But only one fantasy shop that will work with you to bring your fantasy to reality safely."

(415) 621-7159

Main Shop at 768 Clementina

Night Shop at Ramrod, 1225 Folsom

# WHERE TO STAY



South of Market has three hotels serving the gay community.

## BROWN'S PUB & HOSTELRY

The first gay hotel in San Francisco, Brown's is beautifully decorated in a decadent Victorian style. This hotel is a favorite of Europeans and is right on Folsom Street. Phone reservations are accepted, but you should make plans early especially for holiday week ends such as July 4th or Labor Day. Singles, doubles and suites are available in each different and charming.

## THE ELDORADO HOTEL

Large and spacious, the Eldorado Hotel recently opened its doors and was an immediate success with the gay community. Conveniently located close to all the action South of Market, it does brisk business with leathermen visiting San Francisco. Phone reservations accepted. Make your plans well in advance.

**THE ANXIOUS ARMS** — South of Market's newest and smallest gay hotel, the Anxious Arms features budget prices for the traveller. Within an easy walk of all the action, it is a favorite of those of modest means. Phone reservations.



**CAKE GALLERY** — X Rated cakes are the specialty of this most far out bakery. It could exist no where else than in San Francisco, and it is especially appropriate that it is South of Market. Here, you can order extraordinary pastry creations in the shape of a cock with ball harness and silver studs or have your favorite piece of erotic art done in icing as is the Rex drawing shown here.

In fact, when the Rex cake design first appeared in their window, Rex himself marched me over to see it gleefully saying, "You really know you've arrived when you see your art work copied on cake!"

The owners of the bakery are familiar faces in many of the bars South of Market and take great care in seeing that their pastry pieces are anatomically correct. This is a fun place to visit South of Market during the day. The shop has a complete color album of their various designs and it is a true inspiration to behold.

## SOUTH OF MARKET

Besides the open to the-public South of Market businesses and gathering places, there is a great deal of behind-the-scene activity (no, not that kind) worthy of your attention. ALTERNATE PUBLISHING has its Editorial and Production offices here; as does THE SENTINEL, San Francisco's largest gay newspaper. T.J. CREATIONS crafts their popular leather roses and macrame body harnesses in this part of town. CITY PRINTERS, a popular small press shop, is located off Folsom. And PACIFIC WESTERN DISTRIBUTORS, the makers of RUSH and BOLT, are headquartered in this popular area. In addition, many artists, writers and creative people — who you have seen and read in DRUMMER — make South of Market their home. But that just might be because there's no place like this anywhere in the world.

# THEATRE



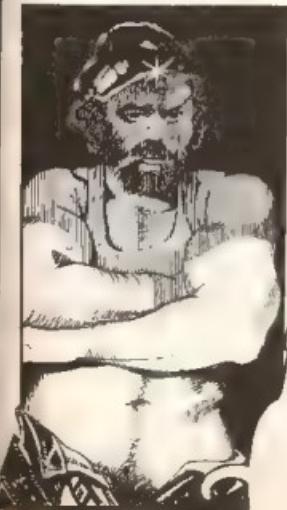
## FOLSOM STREET WAREHOUSE THEATRE

This is the South of Market answer to Broadway. A group of hard-working, dedicated, hot, professional, creative, hot guys writing, staging, and presenting theatre for their Folsom Street peers. Their range has been from the traditional, through the experimental, with their recent offering a musical/leather version of Shakespeare's Mid Summer Night's Dream, which raised some eyebrows even here. It's high-energy theatre, but casual and realistic in its approach to both the neighborhood and the audience. Check them out when you're here to see what's in the works.



# DREAM

BY BILL WARD





## THE ULTIMATE SOUND, LIGHT AND SPACE OF THE 70'S IS NOW EVEN BETTER FOR THE 80'S

**SOUND...** Flawless mixing by Trocadero's Bobby V tenth voted 1979 DJ of the nation by Billboard Magazine... now even better with our new ultramodern sound system by Graebel. **LIGHT...** Trocadero's new multiple mirror ball cluster is only the centerpiece of our added array of mind boggling lighting effects. **SPACE...** Remodeled for the 80's and roomier than ever. **AND MORE.** Visit any of our special parties and see the kind of ambience and spirit that won Trocadero the Cable Car Award for Most Outrageous Float in the 1979 Gay Day parade. **AND MORE.** Soon to offer full service liquor bar **AND MORE.** Owner Dick Collier Jr. invites you to stop in at Trocadero on your next visit to San Francisco. A current out of town DJ gets you guest prices at the door at Trocadero Transfer, winner of the Gay Community Award for Best Disco of 1979.

**TROCADERO**



**TRANSFER**

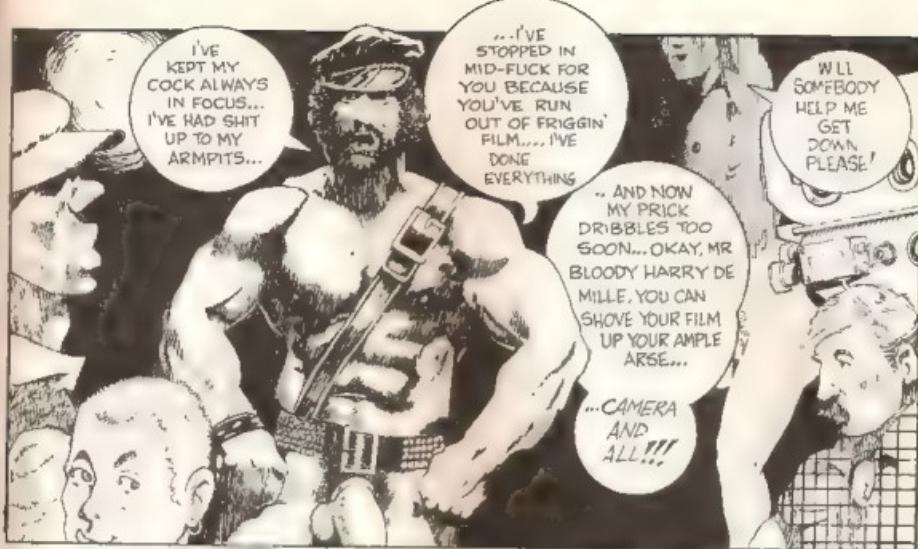
SAN FRANCISCO'S MOST AWARD-WINNING DISCO

**SOON TO OFFER FULL SERVICE LIQUOR BAR**

520 FOURTH ST

SF 94107

(415) 495 6620





# DRUMMER Reads The Books

"For now — relax! And come with me. You have no choice, I've invited you. We will have a lot of sex. You are going to laugh a great deal — people have no idea how blithe a

suicide can be! And you'll meet a few human beings whom you'll have to love as much as I do."

The Story of Harold

## EVENTUALLY, THE DETECTIVE

Reprints are the most exciting news as far as gay books are concerned right now. For the Drummer reader, the most important news is that Avon Books has decided that *The Story of Harold* (\$3.95, Paperback) will not die. This compelling novel with strong and explicit S&M themes did poorly as a hardcover book in 1974 when bookstores were still wary of any gay book, let alone one with a leather theme, and it bombed as a trade paperback a year later. Somehow, someone at Avon decided it was still viable (it is) and arranged for its third release. When this book was first reviewed here, *Drummer* said

*The Story of Harold is symbolic, for sure, but it is about everything important to human beings and resolves itself in the finest literary tradition.*

Avon has released two other very significant books, both by John Horne Burns. *Lucifer With a Book* and *The Gallery* (both \$2.95, paperback) are the two major novels of a man who was widely praised as the most promising novelist of the post-Second World War period. Burns unfortunately died in 1953 at the age of 36. The gay subthemes of the two novels were some of the first explicit, realistic gay passages in popular American fiction.

*Looking for Rachel Wallace* is the latest of a series of private detective novels by Robert Parker that are a weak attempt at making their central character, a detective named Spenser, a cult hero. It's not the first time that the Boston-based flat foot has dealt with gay characters, and it is interesting to note the most effective moments in the novel are those where he is reflecting on the pressures being imposed on a Lesbian feminist. Still, the novel doesn't work all that well. The inclusion of the author in a series of essays on contemporary detective novelists called *Sons of Sam Spade* (Lingar, hardcover, 1980, \$9.95) doesn't lend that book much credibility, and any it did would be wiped out by the total exclusion of the gay themed David Bradstetter series written by Joseph Hansen. But the sweet revenge of the gay private eye fan is on its way. Holt, Rinehart, Winston are reissuing all the Bradstetter

novels in paperback soon. (The first three had gone out of print.) And, there's a sixth volume in the series coming out in the Fall.

A more immediate treat for Joseph Hansen's fans is a volume of his short stories, *The Dog and Other Stories*, which were published before the advent of the Bradstetter books. It's a fine example of his work, available from Momentum Press, 512 Hill St., Santa Monica, CA 90405, paperback, 1980, \$3.50.

Back on the mystery-and-suspense trail. The inclusion of a single gay character with only a few references to his homosexuality doesn't warrant much attention in *Drummer* for Lesley Andress' *Caper* (Putnam's, 1980, hardcover, \$10.95), but it does give us an excuse to call your attention to one of the most compelling suspense novels we've read in a long time. Three characters, the chic Jannie Shean, the tough Jack Donohue, and the sexually ambiguous neighbor, become enmeshed in the planning of a crime that leads them into a nightmare world far from their East Side beginnings, and puts them in a pressure cooker where their sexual alliance, as a three-way, underscores their total dependence on one another. The book is relevant to the *Drummer* reader — it's about manhood, maleness, being an outlaw, and honesty. It's superbly crafted. We give it our highest recommendation.

Cesar Rotondi's *Obsessions* (St. Martin's Press, hardcover, 1980, \$8.95) falls into a similar category. It consists of three novellas, each one concerning a different sexual obsession: tattoo, youth, and death. The tightly written pieces all follow their characters on a road to sexual obsession where the traffic lights have been turned off. There is no stopping each of these men and women straight or gay — once they have begun their descent (or ascent) into their chosen fields of specialization. It looks like the rest of the gay press is going to ignore this work, it doesn't, after all, deal with disco dancing. It is simply something you should read. It'll give you pause to consider just what it is that you're all about, or would like to be.

— John Preston

The quality Magazine for grown up gays.



THE ALTERNATE is the magazine that will never bore you with the latest chic gossip or flashy trend. Heaven knows there are enough of those kind of magazines already. Instead each issue of The Alternate will broaden your horizons in politics, in art, in literature, in social behavior, in general. And, with a healthy sense of humor. And, if you subscribe now, you'll bypass the rate increaser that is inevitable. 12 issues for \$20.

## Pick up a Six pack.

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# ASTROLOGIC



# GEMINI

MAY 21 - JUNE 20

Illustration by MATT

**GEMINI S:** (May 21-June 20) As spring arrives and wee little robins appear singing their cheerful songs, crush their wee little heads into the sidewalk with your boots before the bastards shit all over your expensive leather jacket.

**GEMINI M:** But then you enjoy getting shit on by robins and any thing else that has an asshole, don't you Scatface?

**CANCER S:** (June 21-July 22) A connoisseur of old Debra Paget movies? How 'bout a trip to Washington state to throw a few slaves into Mount St. Helens hot, gaping hole?

**CANCER M:** And, speaking of gaping holes, you're definitely in no danger when it comes to virgin sacrifices.

**LEO S:** (July 23-Aug. 22) The problem with Leo Sadists is that Leo masochists are usually so hard-headed that they make true Sadists than alleged Leo Sadists. That's some heavy shit!

**LEO M:** If you believed any of that bullshit, you're more of a masochist than anyone I thought!

**VIRGO S:** (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) Throw a swim party and invite only machoian masochists to breaststroke in your urinal.

**VIRGO M:** Next time you're invited to a watersports party, try to show some class. Please don't recycle Diet Coke.

**LIBRA S:** (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) As spring weather warms your groin, search a nearby park for open air fantasies. Forcing some hot man to lick the dust from your hiking boots can be a turn-on.

**LIBRA M:** Kneeling there prostrate in the park, looking up at sweaty nuts and a po-judging prick, your necktie drapping in the dirt, realize that scenes from Drummer can happen in real life.

**SCORPIO S:** (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) Careful of health problems this month. You may be in control of others around you but a little VD germ can knock you on your macho ass in a minute.

**SCORPIO M:** Hepatitis is back, so don't French kiss rim queens, and don't drink any piss til you check the whites of their eyes.

**SAGITTARIUS S:** (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) June is busting out all over as the old song goes. Take time to bust a few assholes.

**SAGITTARIUS M:** Better take a break from the anal sex for awhile before your Master has to fist you with boxing gloves on.

**CAPRICORN S:** (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Beware of hard times this spring. In fact, beware of anything hard slipping up behind you.

**CAPRICORN M:** Bad month last month? Your Master could i get it up, your German Shepherd had the clap, your v brator shorted out, the tubs burned down, and the 87th Infantry was sent to the Persian Gulf. Any wonder you're an "M"?

**AQUARIUS S:** (Jan. 21-Feb. 18) Exercise your morbid sense of humor — turn a boa constrictor loose at an orgy and see how many stoned-out studs try to get it up their ass before it suffocates from Gracoed poras.

**AQUARIUS M:** Boas would be old hat for one as advanced as you. Borrow a flute and sodomize yourself with a King Cobra for kicks.

**PISCES S:** (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) Make an obscene phone call at 3 a.m. to someone you've never met. Tell them how you'd like to piss on them while wearing a dirty, smelly jock strap and shoot your hot cock off up their ass. Then hang up before they can climax.

**PISCES M:** Never make a blind date with an obscene caller. The was all that hot, he probably wouldn't be calling you?

**ARIES S:** (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Take an ad out in Drummer seeking your favorite fetish. Remember that in San Francisco, B&D means "Booze and Drugs."

**ARIES M:** Start a chain letter. But instead of money, ask for real chains.

**TAURUS S:** (Apr. 20-May 20) For your birthday, did true friends to give you that one thing Taurians enjoy most: a big 'a' uncult cock still reeking with juices from its last resting hole?

**TAURUS M:** No present for you, and, instead of a birthday cake, you may wanted a nice cheesecake made from aged head cheese

-by Anistide



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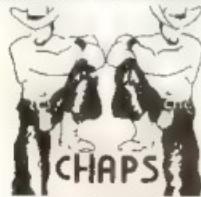


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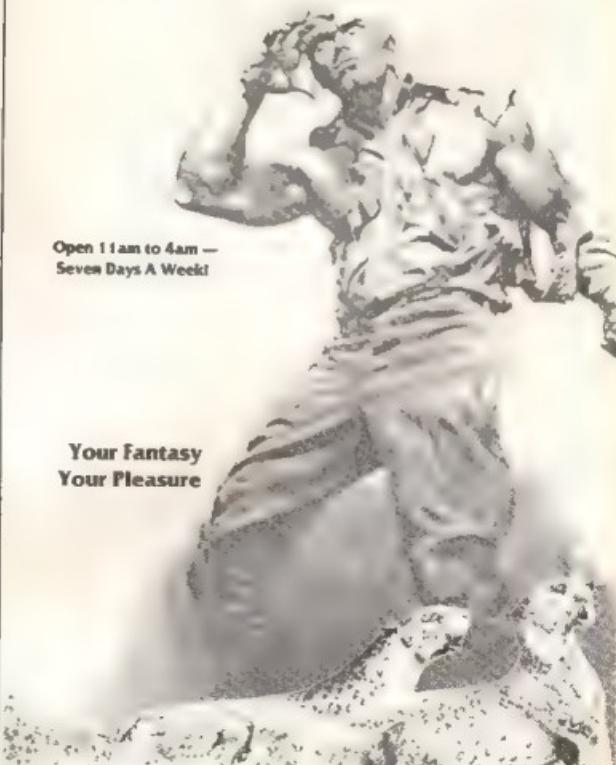
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## COPENHAGEN STUDS

Ove and Ebbe, two hot dudes in Denmark, are looking for other studs into hard on action. See Drumbeats No. 561.



Drummer's Tough Customers are just what the name implies, ready and willing — but hard to please tops and bottoms. And there's nothing as up-front as a Drummer man, right? That's why these studs are here, to show you what they've got and to see if you're man enough to handle it. Want to join them? Then let's see what you've got, stud. Send your black and white photos to: Tough Customers, c/o Drummer, 15 Harriet St., San Francisco, CA 94103. If it's good enough, you'll see it here. Photos cannot be returned.

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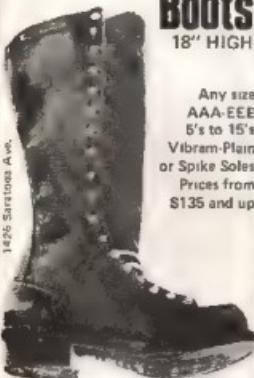
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# Tough Sht

## REVERSE DISCRIMINATION

Cheryl Taylor of Kansas City, Mo., a 20-year-old Army Private, was found guilty of sexual harassment, thereby pioneering women's efforts to break into this heretofore male-dominated field. "It's the first reported sexual harassment case under current terminology involving charges brought against a female soldier," said an Army spokesman who said that the Army considered that Taylor's act, grabbing a fellow soldier between the legs and calling him a shrimp, constituted sexual molestation. She was sentenced to 30 days hard labor, fined \$298 and demoted one rank.



## STRAIGHT TV DISCIPLINE

This is the story of Dirk Dirksen's birthday party. Heidi and Olga, of the punk rock group VS, found Dirksen backstage at his punk rock palace, The Mabuhay Gardens, wearing a black evening gown and a blonde wig. They dragged him onstage and ripped off his dress exposing his true perverse taste fishnet pantyhose under blue jeans and a black lace brassiere.

Onstage, THE WASP WOMEN were singing, Dirksen tried to hide his secret by joining the lineup.

Heidi and Olga knew what to do. After all, they're the high priestesses of bondage rock. The two leather-clad Amazons strung Dirksen up with a rope and some handcuffs. A surprise nurse rushed on stage and gave Dirksen a surprise enema. The audience was wet with delight. Dirksen tried to get free of his captors, but VS had him firmly in hand and the Birthday Beating began. Thirty-nine lashes later, punk impersario Dirksen was a bloody lump amid the rising vapors.



Marching Cadets at the U.S. Air Force Academy in Colorado pour out in search for a few more good ones to add to their ranks.

## PENIS ENHANCEMENT

Surgeons reattached an 8-year old Los Angeles boy's severed penis Tuesday, but doctors said they will not know for a week whether the surgery was successful. Doctors said the boy, who was not identified, is in good condition after the four-hour operation. His father, who allegedly cut off his son's penis and flushed it down the toilet, was in custody in suburban Pasadena on a charge of mayhem. Authorities notified shortly after the incident searched the city sewer system for 90 minutes before locating the organ. They used water pressure to trap it in wire mesh two blocks from the boy's house. They rushed the organ to County USC-Medical Center, where doctors were waiting to operate. Authorities would not say why the father allegedly attacked the child.

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# DRUMBEATS



**HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL TWO BITS A WORD**

## ALABAMA

ANDSOME, funloving, Levi/leather Harley rider, Taurus, 39, 5'10", 190 lbs., white, wishes to share contacts with masculine, discrete, discreet, non-drug, non-busy, 50-60 motorcycle riders, uniformed, clean, high boots, chaps, breeches, mustache/boar'd a team on site, a permanent friendship. No fags, drugs. Box 94117

## ARIZONA

MEN & WOMEN

Wanted by S, 6'2", blond, blue eyes, hairy, masculine, muscular, 43, with 4" and huge ball balls. Sleazy, hairy shoulder should be 18-32, physically and psychologically capable of daily sexual activity. Must be willing to submit to complete submission. All financial needs met for right M. No fake form, family ties, hustlers or heavy drug. Revealing photo w/ name, address, phone number, honest and save us both time. Must be ready to move to Phoenix. No photo, no reply. Hurry and become my property. Box 131.

## ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK SLAVES  
Set on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs, 33, uncut; if you are white, masculine, not overweight interested in sharing your crotch, pouring piss, seeking domination, etc. Please get the discipline from you I demand, fist-fucking, and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, and imaginative. You should include phone number and when you are available. Box 22.

## CALIFORNIA

DT LOS ANGELES S, w/m, 40-170 lbs, request slave to buy him lights, roommate, lover. Box 651

Answering a Drumbeat ad is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. Send your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number in pencil. You can write the box number on the back flap of the envelope. Put your return address on the envelope if

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I declare that I am over 21 yrs. old and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no correspondence will be acknowledged. I give my approval to have all claims regarding accuracy of information, due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Drummer Publications is in no way responsible for communications between myself and any person I contact through their publications.

### SADISTIC & GENUINE

Bodybuilder, 5'10", 160 lbs., 28" waist, 43" chest, etc. into either bodybuilders and men who dig tests like pain, stretching, weights. No marks or damage, just deliberate cheat and genital pain for men who know what they like. Write 945 Oak St., San Francisco, CA 94117

### LEATHER IN THE COUNTRY

SM Arise, wants full-time, live-in lover-companion to live in another man's home. Likes the dirt and grime off of their shoes. Boots. Tries uniforms and coat buttons, etc. to make them feel like slaves. Kick me when it counts. Prefer police, CHIPS, firemen, service men, p.p., construction workers and truck drivers. Inspection spotlights them best. Write with photo, any details I need. No fags. No fat ass, firms, only the rugged men. Box 659

LOS ANGELES, tall, slender man, 35, smooth foot, hairy, hung, versatile, wants Greek active man, well endowed, Gene. Box 2754, Holly wood, CA 90028

LOS ANGELES, hot guy, 29, wants raunchy, muscular, firm, 5'8", 165 lbs, hairy, heavy, running, scat, I with sexy leather guy/guys. Box 643

SAN FRANCISCO, handsome black, 6'0", 180 lbs., hairy, rugged guy, wants to be a G/F, wants to be a slave, wants, wet but I know, must be bottom man, any race, 21-45, especially with hairy ass and back, wisdom and intelligence. Should enjoy the sting of caring palms, tickle, work, play, FF NYC welcome. Box 242.

Goodlooking, short, 27, M, novice. Seeking experienced, patient, strong S. Want to learn new things. Must be hot, hung, 25-35. Dirty piss and let-offs around. First, Dine, Box 71698, Los Angeles, CA 90071. Into shaving, are you?

SAN FRANCISCO, hot, trim, 34 muscular, seeks same for feathers and leather bondage. Send photo, phone Box 638.

### REAL SLAVE WANTED

Want full-time, live-in slave for humly w/m, 35-40, 165 lbs. Photo and info to Box 192, Manto Park, CA 94026

### HUNGRY TOILET MOUTH

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### S F BOOT LICKER

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### GENTLEMEN ONLY NEED RESPOND

Attractive 28 year-old w/m, 5'8", 130 lbs, seeks man of distinction, PMB, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd, Suite 109 Box 187, West Hollywood, CA 90046

### MUSCLES AND PECS

Very muscular, 26-37, seeks feather, scat for wild fun. Art Thompson, 525 N. Laurel, Los Angeles, CA 90048

SAN FRANCISCO, Circular, 36, 5'10", 130 lbs, white, bearded, hairy, for ramcat. Beard or mustache a must. No age or race restrictions. Horst 14151 E 521-7762, 10 pm to mid-night. Answering machine other times. Write Box 1015F

SM, 35, 5'8", 165 lbs, semi-muscular, 63% tail, looking for masochistic aggressive men, 25-45, 5'8" or taller, under 200 lbs. Looking for men into trying new things. Box 256

HAYWARD, S muscular, 28, 5'11", 160 lbs., 83% cut, looking for together, well-built bottoms with eagerness to please, masculine appearance, under 35. Into all scenes, with experience. Box 402

If you want the letter returned should there be some problem with delivery. Put proper postage on the envelope. Include 25¢ for each letter you want forwarded. Put the whole thing (sealed letter and fed. in another envelope addressed to Drummer Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed

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DOLFSLEY 37, 5'10", 145 lbs, very muscular, short hair, blue eyes, socks, shorts, over 30 signature, into leather/uniforms or ass hung. Aim into good S&M, Jape fistig, whipping, dildos etc. Box 383

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LUXEMBOURG Male needs training W/m, 33, 5'8" min 75 kg, prefers beards, strict, country life. Box 629

## FRANCE

Want to meet some leather. Interested and knows how to use enemies to satisfy whipping, dildos, strict education, humiliation, forced erection. I am experienced. Well-hung and welcome. Box 56

## WEST GERMANY

W/M 31 SM 37 189 cm 83 kg can teach muscular, looking for men with beards or moustache, in leather, 7 years in uniform, 30+, who are susceptible to command or take commands. No fats, fags, unclean. Box 270

WEST GERMANY German S, 42, 5'6", 140 lbs, muscular, bearded, hairy and uncult, seeks active, masculine slaves, 18-35, into leather, M, hair, leather, clothes, leather flex. M at USA twice a year. Games and equipment are awaiting visitors to Germany. Send photo. Box 208

GERMAN SM, 34, 6'2", uncult, unperfumed, wants to meet men on both counts into leather, levi's, toys and games. No hangups about age, race or endowment. As we want to share levels w/ th Masters, us and others. And interested in exchanging ideas, etc. Write with details and photo. Box 134

BERLIN, SM, 33, 6'2", white, 7" uncult, experienced, tending toward S role, but can switch for right guy. Travels to the USA several times a year. Want to meet/correspond with interesting men into leather levi's, uniforms, hair, toys. Also want to meet guys with same rooms in E. A. S.F. areas. Write detailed letter with photos. Age and endowment not important, but no fags, fats please. Box 134. (Please include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

## WEST GERMANY

Dutch guy, 30, blonde, 6'2", hairy, long legs, coming to the States in April and September, wants to meet interesting men into Black Master into licking, sucking, w/s, getting fucked, etc. Box 106

## SWEDEN

Malmö, S, 41, 6'1", 70 kg, 7" uncult, hard and demanding, up sets sex games, who can be completely controlled. No games, the real thing only. No fats, fags, limitations. Box 477

## MUST BE REALLY MALE

M, 30, 5'8", 150 lbs, experienced, interested in a real man. Tends to give into Levi's, leather, cowboys into sex toys. Can travel willingly to correspond with other Masters and slaves. Box 228M

## SWITZERLAND

ZURICH, hot hunk, 30, 6', 180 lbs, gym body, 31" waist, 44" chest, 8" uncult juicy tool, into heavy give and take, toys, exhibitionism, I u/t torture, C&B work, oil w/ esting, etc., girls, house wives. Changes other muscular women. Bottomless. Am often in NYC/CHICAGO! May and Sept. in Calif. Call photo. Box 626

GENT/EVA Bottom, 36 Fr, 3.14 Gr, pass tall slim, accommodations fax bed and breakfast for top men on their way through Geneva. Telephone in advance (022) 31 91 76

## BODYBUILDER

Leather stud, 27, 5'10", hairy chest and big pecs, muscular ass, would like to see photos of American body builders into leather straps, jocks and heavy action. Anreas Buhlmann, Nordstrasse 59, 8006 Zurich CH, Switzerland.

## MISC

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## LATE ARRIVALS

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LONDON, M, 40, 6'9", 150 lbs, 5'9" uncult, into WS, leather rubber, combat gear, seeks dominant to 45, strict, but respectful of limits. Box 630

LONDON AND YORKSHIRE S 5'9", 50, 180 lbs, would like to meet visitors to Britain. Very experienced master. Box 557



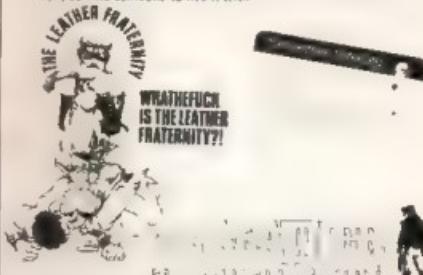
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THE FATHER GAME IS BEST PLAYED WITH THOSE WHO KNOW HOW TO PLAY IT Join that select group and/or let them join you. Somewhere right now, probably in your area, there is someone who would like very much to meet you, to get it on or at least talk it over with.

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# CONRAP

## PRISON RESOURCES

Although there are a lot of gay organizations that cater to specific needs within the overall gay community, gay prisoner groups are few. Below are listed some of the larger organizations. As we receive information about new groups, we will include that information in this column.

**FORTUNE SOCIETY**  
29 East 22nd Street  
New York, NY 10010

This is the grand-daddy of gay prison/prisoner organizations. They provide a number of services and publish a newsletter. *Fortune News*.

**PRISONERS UNION**  
1315 Eighteenth Street  
San Francisco, CA 94107

An organization of about 25,000 convicts and ex-convicts who have joined forces to negotiate collective bargaining within correctional facilities. They publish a newsletter called *Outlaw*.

**NATIONAL PRISON PROJECT**  
**AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION**  
1346 Connecticut Ave., NW  
Washington, DC 20036

The ACLU is the vanguard of civil liberties protection in the United States, and their Prison Project works very hard to insure inmates enjoy the same Bill of Rights protections as people on the outside.

**PRISON PEN PALS**  
Box 1217  
Cincinnati, OH 45202

A private organization that arranges correspondence between prisoners and people on the outside. While the organization is not gay, it makes no difference between gay and non-gay prisoners. Just be upfront about your gayness in contacting them.

**PRISON PAROLE AND PROBATION PROGRAM**  
L.A. Gay Community Services Center  
Box 38777  
Los Angeles, CA 90038

A variety of programs are offered by this umbrella organization in Los Angeles.

## GAYCON NEWSLETTER

The editor of this important and popular newsletter suffered some personal difficulties from which he has recovered. News of The Gaycon Newsletter's re-appearance will be in the next ConRap column.

## PRISONERS

James Diaz, No. 78A2610, Clinton Correctional Facility, Box 367 — Merle Cooper, Dannemora, NY 12929. He is 25 years old, 5'8", 150 lbs., and is looking to correspond with a gay man.

Robert Trapier, No. 72A1249, Clinton Correctional Facility, Box 367 — Merle Cooper, Dannemora, NY 12929. Am 30, 5'7", 158 lbs., have a 10' cock and am looking for a man to put it in. I have been down for some time, but will be getting out in July 1981. Will answer all letters, and will send a photo.

George Tolbert, No. 142-112, Box 69, London Correctional Institute, London, OH 43140. I am a first-time offender in need of the therapeutic touch of communication with caring people. Will answer all who care enough to write.

Donald E. Banks, No. 145-541, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699. I am 23, Black, muscular, 5'10", 168 lbs. I am looking for an understanding correspondence that could turn into a relationship.

## PUBLICATIONS

Gay prisoners have a difficult time receiving gay publications for any number of reasons, including the unwillingness on the part of the prison to allow them to be received. Some publications, like DRUMMER, have an even more difficult problem gaining entry, since the prisons tend to view DRUMMER as "unsettling." However, a number of publications make gratis copies available to prisoners. In almost all cases, the publication requires that the prisoner write asking for a free copy himself. If you have a prison correspondent, you might pass this information on to him.

R.F.D., Route 1, Box 92E, Elizabethtown, NC 27243. RFD is a magazine written for gays in rural areas. They feature a prison page in each issue.

Revolutionary Socialist League, Box 562, New York, NY 10036. The League publishes a newspaper, *The Torch*, which is bi-lingual (English and Spanish) and will send a free subscription to prisoners.

The Alternate, 15 Harriet, San Francisco, CA 94103. The Alternate is published bi-monthly and centers on gay literature, art, and politics. A copy will be sent free to prisoners requesting one.

War Resisters League, 339 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012. The League publishes a calendar each year that they will send free to prisoners. The theme of this year's calendar is "While There is a Soul in Prison."

Gay Insurgent, Box 2337, Philadelphia, PA 19103. This publication comes out three times a year and is intended for a highly literate audience of gay activists. Subscriptions will be sent free to prisoners requesting one.

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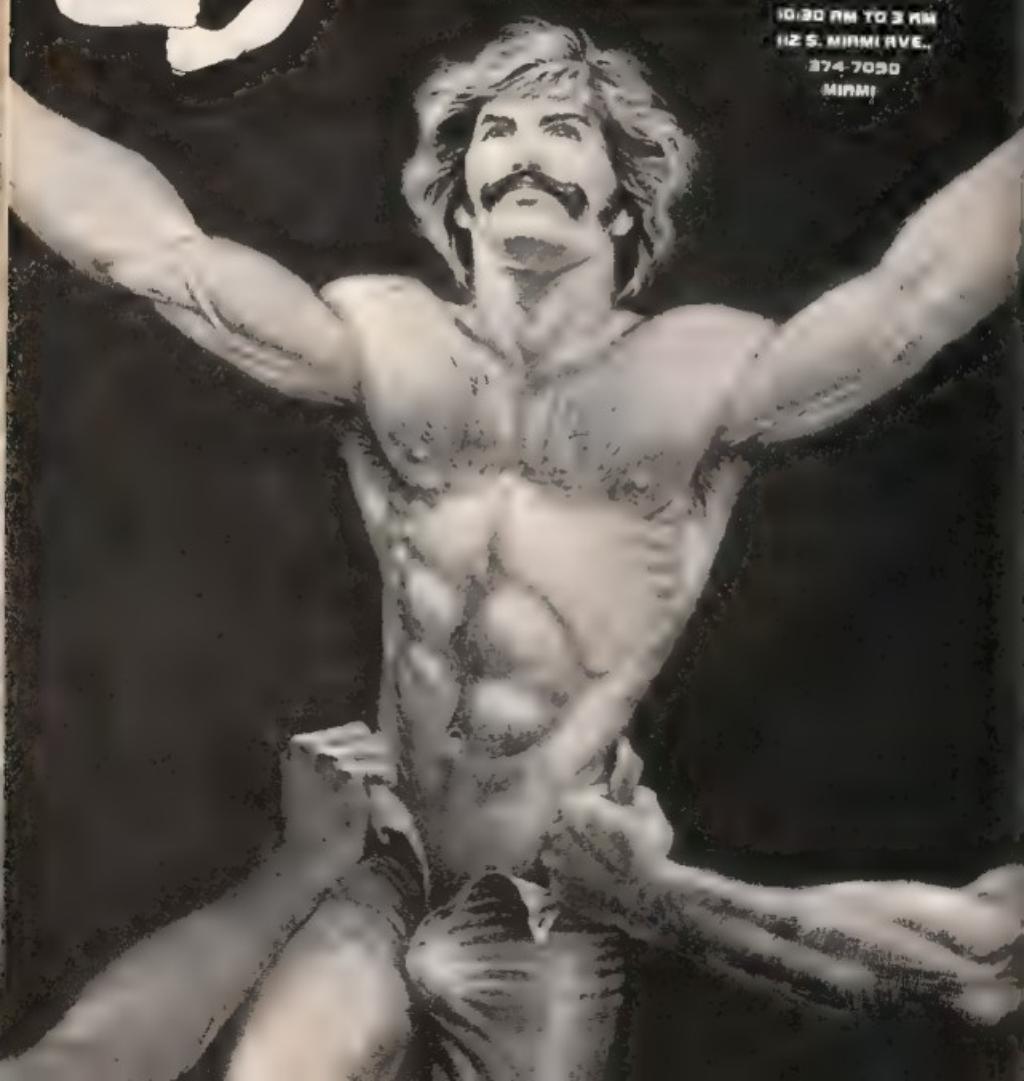


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# DRUMMER views the Flicks



## MAD MAX

If you've never heard of this Australian film, the theatre poster should be enough to convince you it's going to be a heavy-duty B grade treat tempting as hell with its regalia of leather and chrome imagery. And if you aren't looking for cinema art, you might even like it.

This tall, clean-cut man in a black leather policeman's uniform with a monster gun in his arms, sitting atop a large red rock precipice, no looked capable

Another version

Huge cop towering over me I want him bad Black leather gloves snug on

*thick fists, holding a powerful, alien gun.*

*Yes, man let me feel that fat cop tool shade down my throat let me know what it feels like look at me, drooping for it*

*You want it, shuttuce, you gotta earn it Gotta feel my gun, you worthless pile of shit Suck 'in' it More! I'll blow your fucking brains out if you don't open up and swallow more of the barrel C'mon, fucker*

The film opens with some fat and ugly slob and his girlfriend cruising around in their souped up black sports car, raising

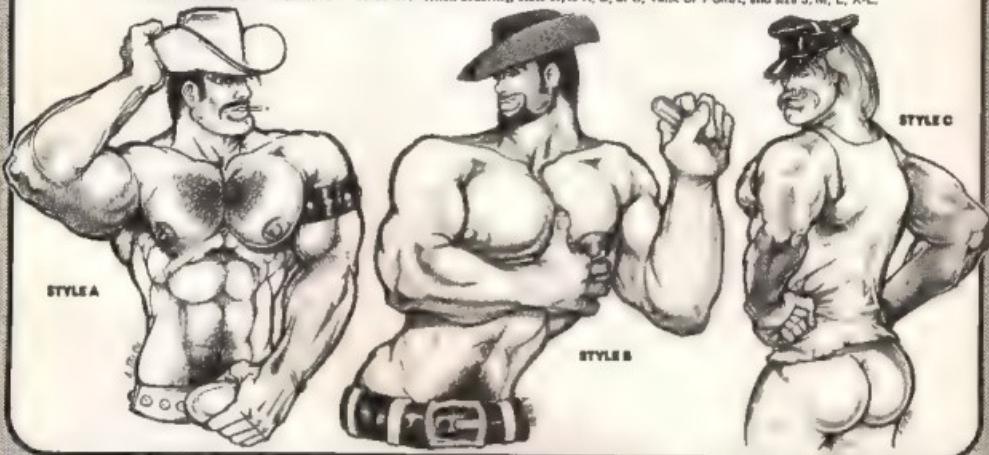
hell on the highways. And they're being chased by a pair of Laurel and Hardy type cops. Whoever designed the costumes for these cops had a leather fetish the likes of which you've never seen before slick black jackets with shoulder pads, tight leather pants, boots with thick sole. Strictly made to make admirers groan!

The film cuts to a well-built stud leaning under the hood of his cop car. You don't see his face, but the radio is blaring for him to go after the hellraisers from the previous scene. He comes

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When visiting San Francisco, stop by our store at 1118 Polk Street. Le Salon carries the newest and hottest in male books, magazines, cassette, videos, lubricants, and other male merchandise! You'll also be amazed at our wide selection of unusual souvenir goodies for those special guys back home. Traveling abroad? Then check out our store in Amsterdam at Korte Nieuwendijk No. 22 . . . featuring the infamousჟournal sex cinema! Heavy duty!



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about six-feet-five-inches, bald, has pecs as big as a football field, biceps that would beat the band, and is just a mean looking son-of-a-bitch. He smokes a fat cigar. It suits him, he has fat fingers.

With some fast talking, he convinces Max to hold off on the resignation, take his little wife and kid on a vacation, and reconsider when he gets back.

The vacation turns a little sour when Jessie runs into Nightrider and the boys. From here on out, it's strictly special effects for pure sensationalism's sake, and every trick in the director's



bag is used to keep the carnage coming, non-stop, til the end.

This could become the cult movie of the 1980s. It's nowhere near as sophisticated as *Clockwork Orange*; which might be in its favor. And it makes rape,

plunder, murder, and motorized mayhem look like popular recreational activities.

And if the draggy scenes between Max and Jessie were cut, it would be worth seeing three times.

— Dean Malumat



out from under the hood, but still no face, just a tight close-up of him putting industrial hand cleaner on his thick hands — the camera pulling back to expose his big, muscle-ridden biceps.

*Another version:*

*I'm handcuffed, facing the radiator, watching him pull out from under the hood. Biceps bulge while he smears Crisco on my meaty fist. I'm starting to tremble . . . fear anticipation. I feel, but don't see, one of those huge hands on the cheek of my ass.*

The camera shows us his face: wide jaw, full lips that droop slightly at the ends, strong straight nose, deep-set and hypnotizing obsidian eyes, dark brows. This is obviously Mad Max. This is the hero of the film.

He puts on his leather jacket, gets in the car, goes after the troublemakers, catches them, and manages to conclude the feat in a fiery crash that wipes them out of existence and will sear your eyeballs.

It turns out that Max has unknowingly killed the leader of a motorcycle gang that has a history of terrorizing traditional four-wheel vehicle drivers. It also

sexuality between Nightrider and Johnny translates to embarrassingly mushy moments between Max and Jessie that aren't tender, just dumb. But the people who made this film are obviously into action, not dialogue.

Nightrider, still bent on revenge, has Johnny kill Max's partner and friend, Jimmy Goose. And the Director, George Miller, could easily be mistaken for a closet pyromaniac, because there are fires everywhere, anytime, at the slightest provocation. It's *Towering Inferno* set on the absolutely flat Australian outback.

Johnny (Tim Burns) is the best actor in the film; his character is so psychotic and he is so believable in the role, that it's either pure talent or he's going to grow up to be Adolf Hitler. That is, if he ever gets out from under Nightrider.

*Another version:*

*Johnny is on his hands and knees in front of me, his head hanging down real low . . . he's naked . . . I can see the smooth skin of his back pulled across tight muscular shoulders, heaving from sobs as the beautiful cat-of-nine whips across his back, cutting thin slices into his flesh, where lines of bright blood*

*spring to the surface.*

*He raises his head to look at me. His dark eyes are rich-colored but blank. He is absolutely silent except for the low moan that escapes his throat with each lash of the leather whip.*

*His lips part, with the slightest tremble . . . "C'mon, Johnny, dog, lick your master's hands . . . worship the hand that whips you. Suck the fingers, suck them real nice. All of them — all of it, take all that hand in your mouth. What's matter, afraid you can't breathe? Well, it don't matter. You're mine, and you*



*ain't gonna breathe until I tell you you can. Open that throat wide and let me in."*

Max is freaked out by his partner's murder and storms into the office of the Chief of Police, Fifi Macafee (Yes, Fifi!) to submit his long-contemplated resignation.

Fifi just doesn't fit his name. He's



seems that this film is set slightly in the future, when motorcycles reign supreme — and the police have become ineffectual morons. And it also turns out that Mad Max is the superhero of the police — he always gets his man.

The gang declares revenge, and its new leader, Nightrider, takes them on a terror campaign against the residents of a small town. The gang chases and captures a teenage couple driving a primo '61 Chevy, and rapes them both, totally trashing their car in an orgy of crowbars and broken glass.

Nightrider has a beautiful, lean slave boy named Johnny. Remember, this is an Australian film — gay characters are required to be the bad guys.

Max has a wife. The powerful paen of



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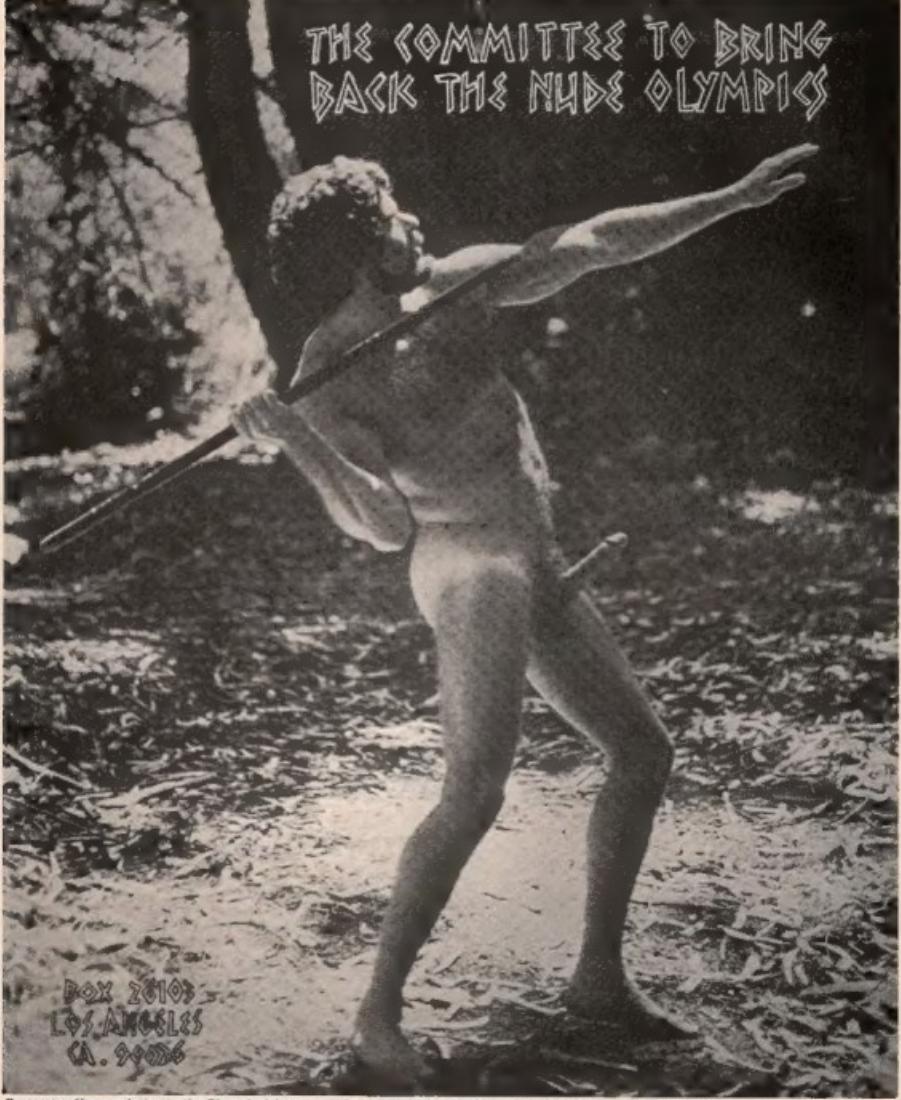
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Drummer offers a solution to the Olympic debate, regardless of where the 1980 games are held. Photo by Robert Opel.